THE LIVING AGE

Table of Contents

SEPTEMBER 15, 1929

ARTICLES:

Minds Across the Sea	*Wickham Steed*	74
More Travels in Arabia	*Leopold Weiss*	84
Pandit Motilal Nehru	*C. Z. Klötzel*	89
Manchuria To-day	*Richard Hülsenbeck*	93
Theophrastus to Shaw	*Desmond MacCarthy*	101
The Language of the Future	*C. Villalobos Domínguez*	105
A New Work by James Joyce	*A 'Spectator' Reviewer*	111
Myself	*Pío Baroja*	114
Polish Interlude, II	*J. B. Priestley*	119

DEPARTMENTS:

The World Over	65
Calendar of Events	66
Letters and the Arts	97
As Others See Us	125
Discretion and Indiscretion	128
The Guide Post	*Front Advertiser*
Views and Reviews	*Back Advertiser*
World Travel Calendar	*Back Advertiser*

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THE GUIDE POST

AS A FORMER EDITOR of the London *Times*, Wickham Steed may be said to embody a soundly British point of view on world affairs, and, as a former foreign editor of the same great paper, he is also well qualified to deal with international matters. His discussion of Anglo-American naval problems comes at the right moment and augurs well for the results of any prospective conference between Britain and the United States. Incidentally, the magazine from which Mr. Steed's article is reprinted deserves a word of praise on its own account. Established a few months ago by a group of writers including Julian and Aldous Huxley, Arnold Bennett, H. G. Wells, Rebecca West, and J. B. S. Haldane, the *Realist* sets forth a point of view known as 'scientific humanism' which it attempts to bring to bear on every field of modern life. Most English monthlies reflect to a comparatively narrow audience the narrow perspective of some well-defined group. In its breadth of appeal the *Realist* is like one of the so-called 'quality magazines' published in America, though it makes no attempt to sacrifice authority for popularity.

Pío Baroja's observations on life and morals demand a word of explanation. Their author is one of the most brilliant and representative writers in present-day Spain and his curious assortment of qualities — his egotism, his intellectual anarchy, his Quixotic enthusiasms — are a living embodiment of the true Spanish temperament.

At the present moment, C. Z. Klötzel is traveling through India for the *Berliner Tageblatt* and writing special articles on what he sees there. The report of the Simon Commission comes up before the next session of Parliament and the Indian advocates of independence, headed by Pandit Motilal Nehru, have submitted an alternative report of their own which bears their leader's name and which calls for a good deal more independence than they are likely to get. Herr Klötzel has met Gandhi, Nehru, and other native dignitaries, and his discussion of the present

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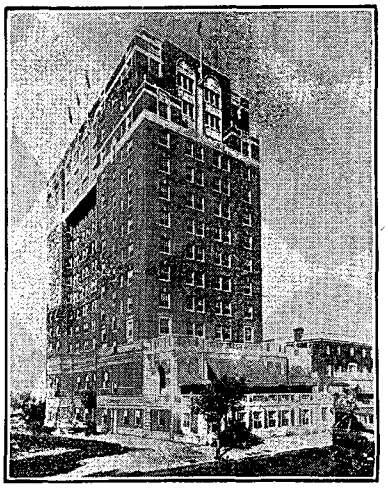

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GARAGE CONNECTIONS

C. V. MEEKS
Managing Director

state of affairs has the advantage of being written on the spot.

The same thing applies to Richard Hülsenbeck's account of Manchuria. He, too, has been visiting the chief actors in a lively drama whose end is not yet.

IT IS only natural that an Argentine writer should be concerned with the problem of international languages, for several tongues are struggling for supremacy in South America. Offhand, one would also imagine that a proud native son like Señor Domínguez would champion his native speech, but such is not the case. American bankers and British polo players will be delighted to learn that the talkies are going to make English the universal language of to-morrow.

Leopold Weiss is no stranger to old LIVING AGE readers. His descriptions of his travels in Arabia have more than once appeared in our pages and prove him to be a man of the same stamp as Doughty and T. E. Lawrence.

Long a member of the staff of the *New Statesman*, Desmond MacCarthy has started a literary magazine of his own called *Life and Letters* and also fills the column in the *Sunday Times* that Sir Edmund Gosse contributed until a week before he died.

James Joyce's new *Work in Progress* receives short shrift at the hands of the *Spectator's* reviewer. Many Englishmen choose to regard Ulysses as the most savage attack on British civilization ever written, and, even though Mr. Joyce's new work seems to be chiefly concerned with linguistic innovations and experiments, he is more likely to be respected than approved in England. It is a tribute to the broad-minded attitude of the *Spectator* that its conservative columns give such a topic any attention at all, when many of the radical papers have not touched it.

Max Beckmann, whose frontispiece represents a synthetic view of post-War Germany, is generally recognized as the greatest living painter in that country. Born in 1884, he became a powerful expressionist during the War, but since that time he has adopted a more realistic style and is turning back to primitive German art. He has had big exhibitions recently in Berlin, Mannheim, and Frankfurt-am-Main.

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LANDSCAPE WITH FACTORY

FROM AN OIL PAINTING BY MAX BECKMANN

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THE LIVING AGE

Founded 1844 By E. Littell

SEPTEMBER 15, 1929 VOLUME 337, NUMBER 4346

THE WORLD OVER

MACDONALD AT GENEVA, Snowden at the Hague. Already the two outstanding members of England's Labor Cabinet have indicated by their behavior that a Socialist in power is a very different breed of cat from a Socialist on the Opposition Bench. Nor has their change of political complexion from light red to the palest of pinks escaped comment. In the general hue and cry that the French Press set up when Mr. Snowden insisted on his pound of flesh, the most reactionary Paris journals were loudest in their condemnation of the British Chancellor's treason to the principles of his party. In London, to be sure, the Conservative newspapers praised Mr. Snowden for the same reason, and only the official Labor organ pointed out that he had remained a consistent Socialist because he qualified his demands with the assertion that the only sensible way of treating the War debts was to cancel them.

Foreigners as well as Englishmen may therefore be forgiven if they cannot decide whether MacDonald and his cohorts are 'Socialist-Imperialists,' as the Communists call them, or whether they are merely doing their utmost to win their country's confidence — and the next general election. Certainly there is irony in the fact that the War-time

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CALENDAR OF EVENTS

MONDAY, AUGUST 19

BRITISH GOVERNMENT decides to withdraw all BRITISH troops from the RHINELAND, beginning in *September*.

Graf Zeppelin lands in TOKYO, having flown 6,880 miles in 101 hours.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 20

Japan begins moving troops northward on the SOUTH MANCHURIAN RAILWAY.

A secret military treaty is revealed showing that CZECHOSLOVAKIA, RUMANIA and YUGOSLAVIA agree to pool their armies into a single fighting force of nearly 400,000 men.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 21

CHINESE GOVERNMENT sends communication to SECRETARY OF STATE STIMSON stating that RUSSIA is planning world-wide revolution beginning in CHINA.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 22

PAUL MARION, former head of COMMUNIST PROPAGANDA BUREAU in PARIS, resigns from the COMMUNIST PARTY, announcing that he is disillusioned by a fifteen months' visit to RUSSIA.

The WHITE HOUSE announces that RAMSAY MACDONALD is expected to visit the UNITED STATES about the middle of *October*.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 23

RUSSIAN troops in MANCHURIA ordered to kill all WHITE RUSSIAN GUARDS on either side of MANCHURIAN FRONTIER.

Nine JEWS and three ARABS killed in religious riots in JERUSALEM.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 24

BRITISH troops and warships rush to PALESTINE as list of those slain in riots mounts to nearly 50.

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pacifist, MacDonald, should now be solemnly conferring with Montagu Norman and General Dawes, and that Snowden, who was reviled for five years by all belligerent Britishers, should now be insisting that his country receive some recompense for what she did in a War that he hated. No wonder certain suspicious Europeans who are not Communists share the Communist notion that under the Labor Party a bigger and better British Imperialism is being launched.

In all probability, however, neither MacDonald nor Snowden are hatching any dark designs. MacDonald has a weakness for a faintly sentimental idealism that does not please certain militant radicals who have not yet recovered from their disappointment in Woodrow Wilson. Snowden, on the other hand, does not apply his Socialist principles to every transaction in which he engages. Both men, in a word, are human beings whose achievements reveal the weaknesses that flesh is heir to. Like all good Britishers, they both have a healthy aversion to pure doctrine and, in so far as they are striving for any specific end at the moment, it is probably the one defined as follows by the *Manchester Guardian:* —

> Great Britain is freeing itself from every semblance of Continental alliances. The manner may seem abrupt, but whether it is really abrupt or not it would be denounced as brutal and infamous by our former Allies, for to them the new policy, and not the manner of its initiation, is the great shock. This new policy is long overdue. Like the United States, the British Commonwealth must be free from everything that bears even the faintest suspicion of an alliance. Without this freedom the assumption that we and the States are not potential enemies becomes illusory; without it Anglo-American relations cannot fulfill their present splendid promise; without it there can be no disarmament.

In other words, the immediate concern of Ramsay MacDonald is world peace, and his first step is going to be an effort to reach some naval agreement with the United States. But as a preliminary measure he took advantage of the Hague Conference to prove, among other things, that the Entente with France is no longer the cornerstone of British foreign policy and that England is ready to follow America's example and get out of the Rhineland, no matter what the French may do. As for the 'incorruptible' Mr. Snowden, it is not impossible that he pondered certain confidential remarks made by Owen Young in Paris last June, just before the Reparations Conference came to a triumphant close. At a luncheon given by Mr. Lamont at which newspapermen were present but at which they took no notes, Mr. Young is reported to have said that if the present system of world capitalism is inadequate in international relations, other ideas than those of the capitalist world will have to be considered. If the man for whom the Young Plan is named has his doubts about the present scheme of things, is it any wonder that a convinced Socialist should feel encouraged to tamper with so admittedly frail a structure?

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Russia insists that China must remove White Guards from Manchurian border before negotiations can proceed.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 25

Preliminary estimate shows that Soviet budget will jump from 8,000,000,000 to 10,000,000,000 rubles next year.

MONDAY, AUGUST 26

Graf Zeppelin lands in Los Angeles, having flown from Japan in 3¼ days.

Philip Snowden rejects joint offer by Japan, France, Italy, and Belgium of 57% of British demands for Reparations money.

British soldiers and Arab troops clash near Jerusalem.

Ambassador Dawes instructed to express the 'earnest hope' that the British Foreign Office will protect American lives and property in Palestine.

Nanking Government clings to hope that direct negotiation rather than arbitration will settle the differences with Russia over the Chinese Eastern Railway.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 27

The British Superintendent of the Palestine Railways is stoned to death at Haifa as Arabs and Jews continue rioting.

Robert S. Abbot, Negro owner and editor of the *Chicago Defender*, and his white wife are refused admittance at 30 London hotels.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 28

At 1:30 A.M. creditor powers at Hague Conference reach agreement on British share of reparations under the Young Plan.

Arabs attempt raids on British Government offices in Tulkan and Neblus.

Dr. Ante Trumbich, former Yugoslav Foreign Minister and leader of Croatian Autonomists, escapes from Yugoslavia and heads for Geneva to lay his complaints against Serbian Bureaucracy before the League.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 29

Graf Zeppelin completes the journey round the world in 21 days, 7 hours, and 20 minutes.

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THE SETTLEMENT BY ARBITRATION of the strike in the Lancashire cotton industry has not been greeted with any approval by the workers. The employers had decreed a 25% reduction in wages, and a strike was promptly declared which lasted for nearly three weeks. Both parties, however, agreed to abide by the decision of an arbitration board, which allowed the employers to make a 12½% cut. The trade-union leaders are now morosely pointing out that wages were low enough in the first place, and that when they agreed to submit the matter to arbitration they might have known they stood to lose something. It is disaffection such as this that is likely to lose Ramsay MacDonald more supporters than his foreign policies will win.

Just as President Hoover is attempting to study the problem of law enforcement in the United States, England's Labor Government has instituted a similar investigation of the drink trade. A Royal Commission on Licensing, consisting of twenty members whose duties will begin in the latter part of October, is now being formed, and a visit to America to study the effects of Prohibition is already contemplated. The membership of the committee is as judiciously balanced as the one appointed by Hoover and promises to include wets and drys in equal quantities. Among those chosen so far are the Reverend Henry Carter, Secretary of the Temperance Council of Christian Churches, and John Morgan, Chairman of the National Consulting Council of the Retail Liquor Trade.

The *Morning Post* is probably correct in its prophecy that the findings of the committee will be consigned to limbo. According to the official Labor Party Report, *Labour and the Nation*, 'drunkenness is declining and the number of cases is a fraction of what it was before the War.' Unlike dry America, wet England is witnessing such a decline in the number of people sentenced to jail that recently one of the largest prisons in the country was shut down and sold. The sale of intoxicating liquors, although allowed by law, is steadily declining. Possibly if Hoover and MacDonald could put their heads together, they might develop an alcoholic yardstick as beneficial to Anglo-American understanding as any naval yardstick is likely to be.

THE PARIS CORRESPONDENT of the *Journal de Genève* prophesies that one of the first results of the Hague Conference will be the fall of the Briand Cabinet. He points out that if Briand had had Poincaré behind him as Premier, he might have made the necessary concessions to the British and trusted Poincare to pull him through. Now, however, that he is both Premier and Foreign Minister he bears the full responsibility. The comments in the French Press last July on the subject of American rapacity were mild compared with the objurgations hurled more recently at Mr. Snowden, yet getting the Chamber

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GERMANS accept ALLIED terms at the HAGUE with RHINELAND EVACUATION promised by *June* 30th, 1930.

PALESTINE killings continue, a CATHOLIC PRIEST being slain at LATUM and 20 JEWS being killed in SAFED.

JAPANESE NAVY DEPARTMENT submits estimates for cruiser replacements calling for expenditure of $188,000,000 in next 8 years and involving construction of four 10,000-ton cruisers, 15 1st-class destroyers, and various submarine and small craft.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 30

CHINA agrees to negotiate with RUSSIA on RUSSIAN terms.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 31

'Say simply that two old friends have met,' says RAMSAY MACDONALD after calling on M. BRIAND at the QUAI D'ORSAY in Paris.

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 1

PRESIDENT PORTES GIL opens THIRTY-THIRD MEXICAN CONGRESS and calls for 'a country of institutions and not of men.'

EMIR EL HUSSEIN, GRAND MUFTI AND PRESIDENT OF SUPREME MOSLEM COUNCIL IN JERUSALEM, announces that 60,000,000 MOHAMMEDANS will ultimately revolt if ENGLAND enforces the BALFOUR DECLARATION.

GERMANY completes fifth year of DAWES PLAN payments, having handed over $1,897,680 during that period.

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 2

BRITISH capture 1,000 ARAB tribesmen in ambush near NAZARETH.

POLISH alliance with FRANCE renewed.

TENTH LEAGUE ASSEMBLY in GENEVA is opened by a PERSIAN ACTING PRESIDENT and elects a delegate from SAN SALVADOR as permanent PRESIDENT of the session.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 3

RAMSAY MACDONALD tells the LEAGUE ASSEMBLY that an ANGLO-AMERICAN NAVAL AGREEMENT is nearly ready, but STIMSON asserts 'it will require still a considerable period of hard work on details before an agreement can be arrived at.'

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 4

CONFERENCE of WORLD COURT MEMBERS unanimously accepts ELIHU ROOT's formula for AMERICAN adherence to that body.

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to ratify the Mellon-Bérenger Agreement almost killed Poincaré. Now, with the feeling against England even more intense than it was against America, Briand will assuredly have a harder row to hoe than his more powerful predecessor.

ANY COUNTRY THAT FEELS itself called upon to cultivate air-consciousness may take a lesson from Germany. In heavier-than-air machines, in lighter-than-air machines, and in the development of flying boats she leads the world. Other nations have put all their eggs in one basket. France concentrates on airplanes; in the United States, only military, naval, and mail planes enjoy any support from the state. Germany alone has struck out in every direction, hoping to discover by prolonged experiment the most efficient method of dealing with every phase of air transport.

Three years ago, for instance, the two chief air lines in Germany merged into the Luft Hansa, which since that time has enjoyed a state subsidy covering eighty per cent of its expenses. In 1926 its planes flew five million kilometres; last year they covered more than twice that distance over nearly twice as many routes. It has now been discovered that considerable economies can be achieved by eliminating short runs and, in consequence, the state subsidy has been cut in half for the current year, although loans are being floated that will give the company about as much money as ever to spend.

The successful round-the-world flight of the *Graf Zeppelin* is already leading to further experiments with lighter-than-air machines, but their practical value remains to be proved. More important, perhaps, are the attempts to develop a flying boat that can alight on the roughest sea. The performance of the *DO X* and the new Rohrbach *Romar*, a flying boat made by the largest airplane manufacturer in Germany, has encouraged the Luft Hansa to purchase both ships and order more, with a view to developing a transoceanic service to South America and the Far East.

MIDDLE EUROPE is considerably alarmed by the doings of the Austrian *Heimwehr*, an armed body of men who threaten at any moment to march on the city of Vienna and clean out the Socialists who are in power there. The *Weltbühne*, a German liberal weekly, takes an alarmist view and identifies the *Heimwehr* with the Italian Fascisti, the Hungarian supporters of Horthy, and the Bavarian monarchists. It points out that civil war in Austria would postpone indefinitely the *Anschluss* between Germany and Austria and adds that the last thing Italy and Hungary want is to see Republican Germany strengthened by the acquisition of Austria. As for the Bavarians, they would rejoice in any setback that the present German Government might receive.

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It will be difficult to place the blame for any trouble that may occur. The Socialists were the first to arm, it is true, but they had to consolidate the popular revolution that swept them into power in 1918. The Conservatives, on the other hand, most of whom live in the rural districts, represent the majority of the country's inhabitants and include many landowners and peasants who have been hit hard by the post-War depression. Their cause, on the whole, is the more forlorn and mistaken, but it is also, in many ways, the more romantically appealing.

ČESKÉ SLOVO, A PRAGUE DAILY whose columns are often inspired by the Czechoslovak Foreign Office, caused some consternation by announcing lately that the conference of the Little Entente held last May had converted Yugoslavia, Czechoslovakia, and Rumania into a single military unit, with an army of 400,000 men. No doubt the Little Entente was inspired in the move by the new lease of life that Hungary has taken on by virtue of her alliance with Italy. The *Manchester Guardian* makes this comment: —

> These things do not make for disarmament in Europe. On the contrary, they are, in a small way, what the 'balance of power' used to be in a big way. The Little Entente also exists to keep Germany in a state of military impotence and to prevent the Austro-German union. To expect the Little Entente to dissolve and the powers that make it up to disarm would be Utopian. Besides, its potential enemies, although weak, are not lambs. Nevertheless, it is as well, in the interest of political realism and for future reference, to remember what the Little Entente is — a coalition for making war and not a society for the promotion of universal peace and brotherhood.

THE BLAME for the massacres at the Wailing Wall in Jerusalem appears to be equally divided among the Jews, the Arabs, and the British. A year ago, the British authorities tactlessly removed a screen that the Jews had erected at their place of lamentation during an especially important service, but this year, according to the *Manchester Guardian*, the Jews were at fault in reopening the quarrel. It seems that they had gained permission to hold a meeting of protest against the incident of the screen, whereupon the Arabs were also allowed to hold a meeting of protest against the Jewish meeting of protest and on the same spot. Here again the British authorities were careless, to say the least, and on this occasion trouble followed at once.

A correspondent of the London *Times* lately in the Near East gives an impressive account of the Jewish ceremony at the Wailing Wall and includes a translation of the 'Wail' itself. He says that on Fridays and holy days large congregations gather and chant the following lament under the leadership of a priest: —

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LEADER: For the palace that lies desolate:
RESPONSE: We sit in solitude and mourn.
LEADER: For the Temple that was destroyed:
RESPONSE: We sit, &c.
LEADER: For the walls that are overthrown:
RESPONSE: We sit, &c.
LEADER: For our majesty that is departed:
RESPONSE: We sit, &c.
LEADER: For our great men who lie dead:
RESPONSE: We sit, &c.
LEADER: For our precious stones that are burned:
RESPONSE: We sit, &c.
LEADER: For the priests that have stumbled:
RESPONSE: We sit, &c.
LEADER: For our Kings who have despised Him:
RESPONSE: We sit, &c.

The same correspondent adds that during the singing of this chant the leader and the congregation work themselves into such a storm of weeping that the wall of the temple is literally as well as metaphorically bathed in their tears.

But the Palestine Jews are not the only ones who have been wailing of late. The Tory *Morning Post* is as profoundly distressed over the whole incident as any rabbi and interprets it as a sign of dwindling British prestige: —

> The Arabs of Palestine are not unaware of what has just taken place in Egypt. If their tempers are short, their minds are alert, and, like all Eastern races, they are quick to detect any sign of weakness on the part of those whom Providence has set over them and their kindred. They have seen a strong administrator over Egypt publicly humbled, the work of his hands made void, and they see the ruling power seeking to resign that power into the hands of the native. What better opportunity could be offered for a trial of strength with this same ruling power in Palestine? When the grip of the Raj is relaxed, the Arab's first instinct is to strike — and to strike quickly.

This comment refers to the recent dismissal of Lord Lloyd as British High Commissioner in Egypt, where he had been acting in too high-handed a fashion to suit the Labor Government. Incidentally, a curious bit of Tory theology is also revealed. 'Providence' has decreed that Englishmen shall rule over Arabs, but, if Egyptians free themselves from British rule, that is the work of the Labor Party.

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MINDS ACROSS THE SEA

World Peace via Anglo-American Understanding

By Wickham Steed

From the *Realist*, London Scientific and Literary Monthly

THE TIME HAS COME for us, both as a nation and as senior partner in the Commonwealth of Nations which we call 'the Empire,' to take stock of our position in the world. Clear vision and hard thinking are necessary. Our old habit of muddling along, in the hope of muddling through, will no longer do duty for policy; it presupposes too wide a margin for error. To-day our margin is narrow. We have to decide precisely whither we wish to go and how we mean to get there; and, if we choose peace as our goal, to keep on a straight path toward it.

General Dawes, the new ambassador of the United States to the Court of St. James, knows that time presses. The very swiftness of his movements was symbolical. His initial speech to 'The Pilgrims' on June 18th bore the stamp of urgency. As an after-dinner oration it may not have equaled in elegance the deft variations on the theme, 'Hands across the sea,' that have become traditional at such banquets. But as a statement of fact and intention it was noteworthy. Its underlying purpose was to suggest means of translating intention into achievement while there is yet time.

The peace of the world depends upon a positive understanding between Great Britain and the United States. During the past two years we have been drifting steadily away from such an understanding,

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not toward it. We have not understood America, and America has not understood us. We do not even understand that to a large number, perhaps a majority, of the American people the sentiment expressed in phrases like 'Hands across the sea' and 'Blood is thicker than water' is repugnant. On both sides of the Atlantic we want 'Minds across the sea,' and as many bodies as can accompany them. Britons, in particular, need to realize that they cannot understand the United States, the greatest of foreign countries, without much thought, study, and travel.

In this respect the Americans are ahead of us. No cloudy notion of 'cousinship' befogs their minds, nor do they imagine that, because they speak an English of their own, they know instinctively what Englishmen may be thinking or feeling. The most thoughtful of their public men often admit that they do not understand us. But they take pains to study us. If they cannot come themselves they send competent and well-disposed investigators to this country. One such has just been among us. Like Colonel House in the Wilson era, he held no official position. His reports will not have carried less weight at the White House on that account. Nor is there reason to suppose that, unlike the reports of Colonel House, they will differ in any essential respect from those of the American ambassador. The influence of Dr. Page would have been greater had he not been looked upon as 'too English.'

THERE is little danger that the advice of General Dawes will suffer from this drawback. His good will toward Great Britain is undoubted; but his tone and political 'accent' are and will be thoroughly American. He knows the peculiar difficulties with which President Hoover has to contend, and he will not underestimate the power of the Senate. 'I do not hope; I do not despair,' he said on the morrow of his first conversation with Mr. Ramsay MacDonald at Lossiemouth; 'most satisfactory' though that conversation was officially declared to be. General Dawes might have added that he himself is in grim earnest, that he 'means business' in a straightforward, guileless, Middle-Western way. His language may not be the language of Harvard; but we shall be grievously wrong if we do not take him as a very worthy and adequate exponent of the soundest American feeling.

His discourse to 'The Pilgrims' was too weighty a pronouncement to be readily appreciated as an after-dinner speech. Even if the method of dealing with naval armaments which he recommended be not perfect in itself, its principle — that statesmen should lay down policies and that experts should implement them technically — is right and reasonable. But the burden of his speech outweighed the question of method. It lay between the lines, not on the surface. In substance, it offered Great Britain and other naval powers a choice between prompt agreement upon drastic reductions of naval armaments, and a fresh period

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of naval rivalry in which the British Navy might find itself outbuilt by two keels to one.

THE ORIGIN and the recondite purpose of the Kellogg-Briand 'Peace Pact' for the renunciation of war are not yet understood in this country. Still less are they understood on the Continent. President Hoover, who knows something of them, insisted in his Memorial Day address on May 30th that the 'faith and idealism' expressed in the Pact must be 'clothed with action.' He added: 'The time has come when we must know whether the Pact we have signed is real, or whether we are condemned to further and more extensive programmes of naval construction.'

If these words be read in conjunction with the American ambassador's speech to 'The Pilgrims,' their import is plain. General Dawes said: —

> The question of an early agreement on naval reduction by the nations is of outstanding importance at the present time, and it would seem to be the next step to be taken toward world peace. As to any other controverted questions between any nations or between Great Britain and the United States, their future peaceful settlement, either way, will not be endangered by the cessation of an enormously expensive naval competition in progress during their discussion.
>
> Congress has already by law committed the United States to an immediate naval programme involving over £50,000,000, giving, however, to the President the power to suspend it in the event of an international agreement for the limitation of naval armaments.
>
> On May 31st last, the Secretary of State of the United States said: 'I have in my possession a memorandum from the Director of the Budget showing the cost of the programme recommended by the Navy Department in case the policy of naval reduction which the President advocates is not adopted.' That memorandum shows that the authorized and contemplated naval programme for the construction of new ships alone amounts to £254,160,000. When it is borne in mind that the foregoing figures involve the construction programme of only one nation, and that if it proceeds, other nations will be impelled to follow suit, the burden of unproductive expenditure which will be imposed upon the economic world during the next fifteen years can be to a certain extent realized.

IF WE are touchy, we shall take these figures as a threat. We shall conclude that General Dawes — or President Hoover, on whose behalf his speech was read, not spoken — meant to say: 'Come to terms with us or we will outbuild you so extensively and so expensively that you will not be able to keep pace with us. Then we shall see what the "Freedom of the Seas" looks like.' Taking the 'threat' in this spirit we shall answer sulkily: 'Go ahead and build as much and as fast as you like. You will not be able to man the ships when you have built them. We are not going to ruin ourselves in competing with you.' The rest of the world will not believe us. It will think that, sooner or later, an

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Anglo-American conflict will be inevitable; and it will build warships in such measure as not to be hopelessly outclassed in the expected struggle. Caught in this rush of armaments, we shall build too.

But, if we understand the United States and take the trouble to find out what President Hoover and General Dawes are really driving at, we shall not construe American utterances of this kind as a threat. We shall take them for what they are — statements of fact. We shall learn to distinguish, otherwise than phonetically, between the American 'accent' and the English 'accent.' If an Englishman had spoken as General Dawes spoke, his language would have been a threat. Behind the 'English accent' unexpressed reservations usually lie. The 'American accent' may sound harsh and strident to our ears; but, if it means anything save what it seems to mean, it usually means less, not more. I imagine that General Dawes meant exactly what he said, no more, no less.

The reduction of naval armaments is the most serious business we have had on hand since the end of the Great War. Not only are Anglo-American relations involved in it, but the future of Great Britain and the cohesion of the Empire. We are not asked to do something which we can decline to do, or can fail in trying to do, without affecting our national, imperial, and international position. For us the only line of safety and success is to go forward with vision and vigor. We shall be fortunate indeed if the vision and the vigor which have been so sorely lacking during the past few years should now come fully into play on our side.

IT IS useless to disguise the fact that, if we are now faced with a situation that brooks no delay, we ourselves are largely to blame. Again and again we have missed openings for leadership, nay, we have failed to recognize them as openings at all. We have deliberately ignored two of the chief principles of international politics which we ought to have laid to heart after the War. Of those principles the first was that, in the event of any future conflict in which this country might be engaged as a naval power, the United States would be disposed to fight against us rather than allow us to interfere with American seaborne trade. This is the true meaning of the 'Freedom of the Seas.' It was on this issue that the United States finally came into the War against Germany, after having been more than once on the verge of siding against the Allies.

In a way, we have had this principle at the back of our minds, for it has caused us to fear the consequences of any attempt to fulfill our obligations under Article 16 of the Covenant of the League. Our revolt against the Geneva Protocol of 1924 was also attributable in part to the apprehension that it might get us into trouble with America by putting

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our Navy 'at the disposal of the League.' But we have never faced the 'Freedom of the Seas' frankly or sought to deal with it in such a way that it would cease to be a menace to Anglo-American concord. Once, as we found at the Paris Peace Conference, the 'Freedom of the Seas' disappeared as a controversial issue. This was when President Wilson recognized that 'in the League of Nations there would be no neutrals,' and perceived that American membership in the League would reduce to insignificance the divergence between British and American views of international maritime law. When the United States rejected the League and the Peace Treaties, the old danger reappeared; and British statesmen had not the wit or the courage to see that the sole method by which it could be eliminated once and for all would be by an Anglo-American agreement upon the meaning and purpose of sea power. The experience of the Great War shows that if once Great Britain and the United States made up their minds that, under modern conditions, sea power means police power for the prevention or the punishment of 'private' aggression, British ideas of blockade, contraband, and search would seem to the United States too mild rather than too drastic.

IT IS to the lasting credit of the United States that its people and its Government, handicapped though they were by a somewhat petulant decision not to enter the League of Nations, should have moved steadily toward international agreement for the reduction of naval armaments. The first step was taken at the Washington Conference of 1921–22. The second should have been taken at the Three-Power Conference at Geneva in 1927; but, even when the failure of that Conference had enabled the American 'Big Navy' party to put forward a huge shipbuilding programme, the United States Government launched the Kellogg proposals for the renunciation of war in the hope of precluding an extension of naval armaments and of associating America, at least indirectly, with the organization of peace. The general drift of American opinion supported this tendency. We, in our ignorance of what constitutes effective opinion in the United States, took the 'Big Navy' party for the mouthpiece of the American people.

We should hardly have made this mistake had we not forgotten the second principle which the War should have taught us — the importance of having the moral feeling of the world on our side. Our practice seemed to belie our professions. We began a cruiser-building programme on the assumption that war would remain the major probability of the future. Notwithstanding the Four-Power agreement in regard to the Pacific at the Washington Conference, we decided to build the Singapore base. Whatever the strategic merits of that decision, it could have only one effect as an indication of policy — to attenuate belief in our peaceful intentions. It was as though we had never learned that

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German propaganda failed during the War because the policy of Germany belied her professions. Very late, though not too late, Great Britain then discovered that sound policy is the only effective form of international propaganda, and that professions are useless unless they are borne out by actual conduct.

The reason why our professions have not always been in keeping with our conduct since the War is that our statesmen have not realized the imperative need of putting international relations on a new basis. They talked of 'getting back to normal' without perceiving that the old normality was gone forever. Besides, we, as a people, were not a little disappointed with the United States. We disliked being left in the lurch and saddled with obligations we should not have undertaken if we had not believed that America would share them with us. We never recognized that one of the most valuable of our national and imperial assets might be the good will of the great majority of men and women in the United States. We lacked the imagination to perceive that if we had been situated 3,000 miles away from Europe, dwelling on a vast territory, economically self-contained, we might have revolted against European 'entanglements' in much the same way as a militant section of American opinion revolted. So we muddled along resentfully and hoped for the best, steadily refusing meanwhile — with the important exception of the Locarno settlement — to extend our international commitments.

IF WE had understood that, to a remarkable extent, American feeling was very like our own and would have responded to a quality of leadership which, for domestic political reasons, the Government of the United States could not give it, we should never have blundered as we did in the handling of the war-debts question. The Balfour Note of August, 1922, was not 'infamous' in the sense suggested by Mr. Philip Snowden. It was a deplorable exercise in short-range astuteness which threw away our chances of taking the lead in the financial reconstruction of a war-wrecked world. It is hard to say whether intelligent and right-feeling Americans were more irritated or more disheartened by the policy of the Balfour Note. Not a few threw up their hands in despair at the thought that the British would never understand how to help America to help them.

One of the last things that occurs to British minds is that America can be or needs to be 'helped.' Our ignorance of the play of American institutions is so gross that we do not see how hard it is for an American administration to secure legislative approval for a high-minded policy unless it has the overwhelming support of public opinion. As an executive authority, the president of the United States is more powerful than many a monarch; but, in the management of foreign relations, he may

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be far weaker than a British prime minister or foreign secretary who can rely upon a firm majority in the House of Commons. In the last resort, the action of an American government may depend upon the fear which congressmen and senators may feel of the coercive effect of public opinion. For this reason no foreign government which estranges American public feeling has much chance of persuading an American government to fall in with its ideas. On the other hand, a foreign government which understands and takes account of American opinion, framing policy so as to appeal to American idealism, helps to smooth the path of an American executive who may wish to give practical effect to a high-minded policy.

THE nearest approach to constructive coöperation between Great Britain and the United States was made in the earlier stages of the Washington Conference for the Limitation of Naval Armaments. Lord (then Mr.) Balfour — who was to misread so lamentably the feeling of the United States on the subject of war debts nine months later — then showed a comprehension and a willingness to help that seemed likely to open a fruitful era of Anglo-American understanding. His achievement in replacing the Anglo-Japanese alliance by the Four-Power agreement in regard to the Pacific, and in securing acceptance of the 5–5–3 formula for the American, British, and Japanese battle fleets, was the more remarkable because the British Coalition Government which he represented had wholly failed to grasp the true position. Not even the method adopted by Mr. Charles Evans Hughes, the American Secretary of State, in springing the American proposals for drastic reductions of battle-fleet strength upon the Conference, put Mr. Balfour 'out of his stride'; nor did Admiral Lord Beatty hesitate to support Mr. Balfour, despite the suggestions of eminent American naval officers that, in the professional interests of sailors, he should oppose the policy of the United States Government. Had Mr. Balfour been less perspicacious, the Washington Conference would have ended in disastrous failure. Notwithstanding his efforts, it left the cruiser question unsolved, while the 'Hughes method' created a presumption in the minds of future negotiators that to spring a surprise upon international gatherings was the best way of going to work.

This presumption was not least among the causes of the Anglo-American-Japanese failure at Geneva to complete, in regard to cruisers, what the Washington Conference had done for battle fleets. Each of the three delegations at Geneva sought to spring a surprise upon the others. At Geneva, moreover, there was no British statesman of sufficient authority to utilize naval experts as advisers without allowing them to control his better judgment; and when Lord Cecil sought to put policy before technicalities, the British Cabinet declined to support

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him. Thus the Geneva Conference ended by creating a really dangerous situation. Naturally, the American 'Big Navy' group was jubilant; and in this country we heard only their vociferation and the noise of their preparations for a huge shipbuilding programme. We knew too little of American feeling to understand that it was even more perturbed than British feeling by the Geneva setback. Nor, when it presently revolted against the plan to build seventy-one new American warships, and caused the programme to be reduced to fifteen cruisers, did we realize how signal a victory the forces of peace in the United States had won. General Dawes was certainly right when he said to 'The Pilgrims': —

> We should not look upon the failure at Geneva in 1927 as the failure of individuals, but of the method under which they were asked to function. This may be said, however, that under the laws of human nature, probably ninety per cent of Englishmen think the American delegation was responsible for the mistake, and ninety per cent of Americans think that the British members of the commission were responsible for the mistake. The great, overwhelming and soul-satisfying fact about it is that the British and American people are a unit in agreeing that, whoever was responsible for it, a mistake was made.

THE importance of the mistake was, as I have said, very differently assessed in Great Britain and in the United States. Our Government thought that all would be well if we showed our unaggressive intentions by giving up or postponing the building of a couple of cruisers. The United States Government, as I have good reason to know, was filled with bitterness and apprehension at the prospect of having to build up to and beyond our cruiser strength. In the hope of clipping the wings of the 'Big Navy' extremists it put forward the Kellogg proposals; and when those proposals were within sight of acceptance, despite the initial hostility of France and the hesitation of Great Britain, President Coolidge believed that the Fifteen-Cruiser Bill might be postponed indefinitely. But before the Kellogg Pact was signed, the Anglo-French Naval Compromise of July, 1928, created the impression that we were attempting, with the help of France, to force upon the United States the very formula for the limitation of cruiser strength which had wrecked the Geneva Conference. After that, the adoption of the Fifteen-Cruiser Bill was a foregone conclusion, and the question arose whether the Kellogg Pact itself would be ratified by the United States Senate.

How many Englishmen understood that the Kellogg Pact and the Cruiser Bill were thus connected? How many refrained from pointing scornfully to American inconsistency in coupling an increase of naval armaments with a Multilateral Pact for the renunciation of war? It was the old trouble. Neither British statesmen nor British public opinion understood that the United States Government needed help. All that

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was best in American opinion would have responded readily to a British proposal for an all-round reduction of cruiser strength the moment the Kellogg proposals were accepted. The hands of President Coolidge and of Mr. Kellogg would have been immensely strengthened, and the Pact would have gone through the Senate without any of the belittling explanations which Senator Borah thought necessary to smooth its passage. But instead of a British lead on disarmament, President Coolidge and Mr. Kellogg got what they felt to be a Franco-British slap in the face. How could they then resist the pressure for the adoption of the Fifteen-Cruiser Bill?

I have no fear of well-informed contradiction in saying that one of the underlying purposes of the Kellogg Pact was to remove from the minds of Great Britain, and of other members of the League, the apprehension that the United States would be aggressively 'neutral' if ever the League should be obliged to coerce a Covenant-breaking state. I do not say that President Coolidge and Mr. Kellogg meant to associate the United States with the League of Nations. They had sought, and thought they had found, an American constitutional means of conveying an assurance to the world that the United States would be unlikely to aid or abet a violator of the League Covenant inasmuch as the Covenant-breaker would necessarily violate the Kellogg Pact at the same time. This assurance remains, though it has been overshadowed by the effects of the Anglo-French Naval Compromise. Practically and potentially, if not yet in theory, the position which President Wilson foresaw — that in the League there would be no neutrals — has been approached. At the very lowest estimate, the United States has now engaged itself not to have recourse to war as an instrument of national policy or to use it as a means of settling international disputes. This applies no less to disputes that might arise over the application of Article 16 of the League Covenant than to any 'private' differences.

Now General Dawes proposes, on behalf of President Hoover, the creation of a 'rational yardstick' for the measurement of naval strength so that navies may be reduced, in an 'agreed relativity,' according to the obligation inherent in the Kellogg Pact that they shall not be used for 'private' war. In other words, the mission of General Dawes is to seek our help and that of other naval powers in fixing the size and defining the functions of navies conceived as an international maritime constabulary. If we, as a people and as an Empire, do not seize this opportunity with both hands, if we fail to cooperate helpfully with the United States, we shall sow the storm and reap the whirlwind. If, on the other hand, we play our part helpfully and constructively, we shall gain the lasting good will of the American people, and shall open the way to disarmament on land as well as on sea.

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THIS IS the present situation in a nutshell. An agreement upon the reduction of naval armaments must come first. No question of international maritime law or of war debts should be mixed up with it. When the agreement has been made, the American people will gradually be convinced that Great Britain and Europe have turned their eyes away from war toward peace. The disposition to coöperate with the League of Nations will increase. The 'Freedom of the Seas' will cease to be an irritant, since that freedom will only need to be upheld against breakers of the League Covenant and of the Kellogg Pact who ought to be exposed to the sharpest coercive measures contemplated by any reading of maritime law. The American people, realizing that the cost of excessive naval armaments is not the only burden that weighs upon what Mr. Hugh Gibson termed a 'war-taxed world,' may presently see the expediency of making an end of war debts, reparations, and the whole economic paraphernalia of the Peace Treaties. This will not happen in a day; but, if Great Britain be wise in time, it will assuredly come to pass in a very few years.

But what of American economic and financial hegemony in Europe and elsewhere? Ought it not to be resisted? The question is far too complex to admit of a dogmatic answer. Yet, on the lowest computation, it would seem that Great Britain and the European countries impoverished by the War would not be less able to face American competition, or to make fair terms for themselves in trading with the United States, if their resources were not hypothecated as they now are by the cost of armaments on the one hand and by the payment of reparations and war debts on the other. Nor is it certain that the United States will never perceive the value of give and take in international business, or will always fail to understand that the interest on money invested in Europe cannot be paid, in the long run, save in terms of goods and services.

The only safe rule is one thing at a time. This rule the British Labor Government will be well advised to observe. It holds in its hands the fortunes of Great Britain and, very largely, those of Europe; for, if we cannot understand the United States, it is unlikely that Continental peoples will succeed where we fail. We can, at least, project our minds across the sea with a better initial chance of comprehension than that of non-English-speaking nations, and we can distinguish more readily than they between appearances and realities in the United States. The prospective gain to ourselves and to others, including the Americans, is worth the effort.

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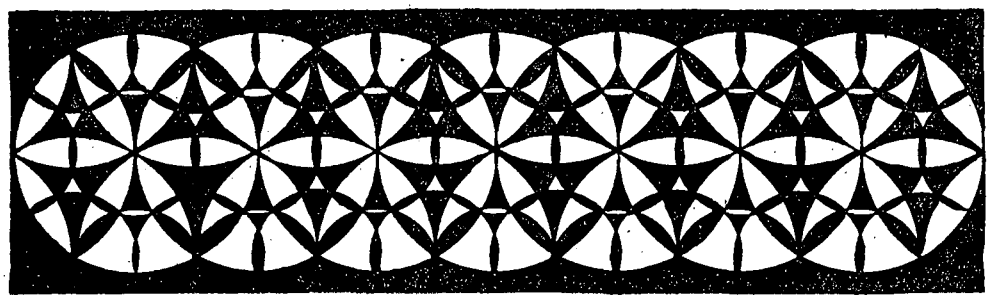

MORE TRAVELS IN ARABIA

Adventures in the Desert

By Leopold Weiss

Translated from the *Neue Zürcher Zeitung*, Zürich German-Language Daily

OUR VISIT IN HAIL has come to an end and it is time for us to think of continuing our journey. It will take us twelve to fourteen days of steady traveling to reach Riad. There we shall meet the King, who is to be our host for six months.

The Emir ibn M'saad, attentive as ever, has instructed one of his men to choose good camels for us to ride and to furnish us with everything necessary for a long trip. There are three camels for me, my small adopted son Heinrich, and my Afghan servant Mohammed Nur, a fourth camel for our guide, a fifth for the man who is to care for the beasts during the ride, and still another camel to carry our provisions and tent. I am firmly opposed to taking the tent with us, for I wish to be burdened and hindered in my movements as little as possible. But the Emir in his friendly solicitude is even more obstinate than I. 'Really, you cannot go without a tent. The rainy season is upon us, the nights are cold, and it must not be said that Ibn M'saad allows the King's guests to wander about like impoverished Bedouins.' It is apparent that even in Central Arabia there are set ideas about social conventions. For the moment, therefore, I am forced to yield to the Emir's good will, although I would prefer to wander like an impoverished Bedouin.

Our provisions, too, are measured out in accordance with the Emir's generosity. There is enough to last us for a two months' journey: rice,

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flour, dates, a leather bottle full of melted butter, an amazing quantity of coffee beans and of cardamon — an indispensable element in the preparation of Arabian coffee, tea, and sugar. There are new water bottles, pots for cooking, brass coffee cans, dishes for rice, tea canisters, and water kettles. All this, with the tent, makes a heavy burden. My visions of passing over the Arabian desert as lightly as a bird in flight vanish like a fleeting dream.

THE DAY before our departure the Emir brings us our new guide. His name is Saad ibn Isa, and I find him far and away the most delightful little man I have happened upon in all Arabia. His face is as round as a coin, his nose turns up, and he has thick lips and a diminutive beard, scarcely perceptible to the naked eye. His eyes are small, merry, crafty, and somewhat shy. He stands before us with one hand stuck in his broad cartridge belt. I feel pleasantly confident that the Emir could have chosen no better traveling companion for us. As a matter of fact our host has shown particular courtesy in assigning us this man, for he is one of the most trustworthy guides in the Emir's service or even in the whole country that Ibn Saud rules.

We plant a final farewell kiss on the nose and forehead of the Emir ibn M'saad and climb up on our camels and depart. The oasis of Hail soon disappears behind us and in the air of early morning our camels swing along through a bare, stony land full of hillocks. On our right we can see the Jebel Fittig, a short mountain range without vegetation, darkened here and there by the fitful shadows of passing clouds. Saad rides at the head of our caravan, looking like a child perched up on the high saddle. He is singing in a joyous, croaking voice to the breeze that whistles across the desert. I say that he sings to it, for neither the desert nor the breeze permit us to make anything in the nature of a song out of the man's voice. They do not carry his voice nor give it any resonance but cause it to fade away without an echo almost as soon as it leaves his throat. In this place human beings and the landscape are quite distinct from each other. In Europe we can never divorce human beings, or at least the visible effects of their existence, from their physical surroundings. But here in Arabia Nature develops a serene and virgin independence, so that the rare appearance of a human being is always unfamiliar and surprising.

WE RIDE on and on. Noontime does not bring great heat at this season and the afternoon finds us still plodding through solitary, hill-roughened landscape with no horizon. We are overtaken by a group of Bedouins on nimble camels unencumbered by packs. The riders, with their brown faces and white turbans, look at us suspiciously, riding by with a curt greeting as if they were eager to get out of our sight.

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They are Echuans — 'Brothers' — a new tribe which has originated during the reign of the present King. They are Bedouins who have renounced their nomad life and consider themselves true warriors of the faith.

In previous articles I have written extensively about the Echuans and the colossal part they are playing in Arabia at the present time. Since they regard themselves as the only genuine champions of the faith and are willing to defend it to the death, they look upon all other men as outsiders and do not mingle willingly with them. Their distrust sometimes extends even to the city and village dwellers of the Nejd, although these people belong to their own branch of the faith. The ancient hospitality of the Bedouins of Central Arabia has almost disappeared to-day, for the Echuans do not like to entertain as guests those who are not of their own kind. It is as if they fear to become contaminated by contact with men of more feeble faith. Among themselves, however, they are cordial and often actually affectionate.

'Let them go,' says Saad, as I gaze after the Bedouins, who are swaying in their saddles and singing, monotonously, verses from the Koran.

'It is better not to have anything to do with them.' 'But why,' I ask, 'when they are of your own faith?' 'Yes, that's true, and it is a fine thing to fight on the same side with them in war; you cannot find braver men anywhere in the world. But there is no limit to their arrogance since they became converted, and they despise us who are from the cities because we have only cords for our heads instead of white turbans and because we are not, like them, savage beasts who dream of nothing but slaughter and Paradise. I am often very uncomfortable in their company. They are like hedgehogs, bristly enough to draw blood. But they are steadfast in their belief, — one has to admit that, — and in that respect they are more admirable than the northern tribes, who keep up the old hospitality and kill a sheep for the stranger, but who are unscrupulous robbers and cutthroats and blasphemers. The Echuans are naturally a thousand times better than those people — though, as a matter of fact, all Bedouins are devils in one way or another!'

After this somewhat summary judgment Saad ibn Isa winks at me confidentially and, since the Echuans are too far away to hear him, begins to bawl out a very worldly Syrian love song: 'Oh, thou maiden, brown of face . . . ' But he interrupts himself, laughingly: 'If those fellows up ahead were to hear this I believe they'd take a shot at me right away. Or perhaps they would not dare to shoot, for they are afraid of Ibn Saud, but they would certainly curse and call us pagans. You can see, can't you, that it is really better for us to stay peacefully among ourselves and not meddle with them?'

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DURING the day we meet people who are riding to the Emir ibn M'saad at Hail and we entrust the tent to them, spending the night in the open, and riding all the second morning over the hilly desert. At noonday we reach the little plain of Adua, which is hemmed in by low mountains. Here we find four or five springs where we water the camels and fill our leathern bottles with light-brown, muddy water that is refreshing in spite of its appearance. As we ride on again we pass a short stretch of arable land, or rather a stretch of irrigated sand, at the edge of the last spring. Two men with spades are trying to guide a narrow channel of water between the furrows, while a third man works at the well with an old, mangy camel and a leather bucket, pouring the water into a wooden trough. I am profoundly impressed by the loving care that is expended on this bit of irrigated soil and by the obvious insufficiency of the tools at hand. These new settlers are Echuans who previously regarded the earth as no more than a grazing place for their flocks. When the soil sprouted suddenly after showers, their herds would quickly graze it bare and pass on. Now, however, under the benign influence of Ibn Saud, a new devotion is beginning to stir in their hearts, love for the soil and the hard, toilsome labor of their hands. And if this tendency develops widely among the Bedouins I believe that a new era will commence in Central Arabia. There is a legend, or at least a widely fostered conviction, that Arabia can never support itself by its own agriculture because of the scarcity of water. In reality, there is water enough, although most of it, to be sure, is far below the surface of the ground, and up to the present almost nothing has been done to make it generally available for use. If Ibn Saud is only far-sighted enough to import modern apparatus and have artesian wells drilled, many stretches of land that are now parched desert can be turned into rustling fields of wheat. But the significant factor in the situation always remains the human element, and Ibn Saud has assuredly taken a step in the right direction by founding the Echuan settlements.

In the afternoon, just after we have passed Adua, the hilly landscape finally ends and a broad, yellowish-gray plain lies before us, bordered on the right by a long mountain range that slopes gradually toward the southeast. At the foot of these mountains lies the large village of Feid, though it is not yet visible.

ON THE following day my astonished eyes witness something in the nature of a divine miracle. We have stopped for our midday rest and the camels have been released to graze. The brightly hued saddle bags have been flung on the ground, a fire of dried desert shrubs flickers in our midst, water hums in the tea kettle and in the coffee cans, and Saad is baking bread in the hot ashes. I withdraw a little way from the others to wash my grimy hands. As the water runs over them

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a few drops trickle down upon a dried-up clump of grass at my feet, a poor little weed made yellow and lifeless by the rays of the relentless Arabian sun. The drops have scarcely moistened it when a shudder passes through its tightly rolled blades. Slowly, quivering and hesitating, they unfold. A few more drops and the frail stems move, contract, and bend as if a sudden current of electricity were pulsating through them, and then deliberately, shaking and trembling, pull themselves erect. I pour more water over the clump of grass and its movements become more abrupt, stronger, as if it were haltingly awakening from a dream of death. Its blades wave about like the arms of a starfish in the sea; it is overcome by a reluctant but irresistible delirium, a miniature orgy of joy. Life, convulsing and inexplicable in its majesty, takes visible, triumphant possession of the parched yet growing thing.

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PANDIT MOTILAL NEHRU

President of the Indian National Congress

By C. Z. Klötzel

Translated from the *Berliner Tageblatt,* Berlin Liberal Daily

WHEN PANDIT MOTILAL NEHRU lays aside his gold spectacles and takes off his white Khaddar head-dress, he closely resembles an ancient Roman. He wears his robe of hand-spun, hand-woven Indian wool as if it were a toga, and when he raises his finely modeled right hand, one feels that he could teach Mussolini the proper way to make a Roman salute. Before you attempt to discover what manner of man he is, you are captivated by his presence and bearing.

He comes from Kashmir, far in the north of India, where the women are almost white and the faces of the men are of that light bronze color which goes so astonishingly well with the white hair of old age. They must be of good stock in that region. Motilal, though almost seventy years old, is as vigorous as a youth, in a land where fourteen-year-olds often look like worn-out old men. In addition to dignity, he possesses his share of sound humor. There are lines about his mouth and nose indicative of epicurean capacities. In Europe he would certainly be a connoisseur of wines, but in India this is out of the question, for a 'Pandit' is a Brahman, who cannot allow either meat or intoxicating drink to pass his lips.

To-day Motilal is the recognized leader of political India. For the second time he is president of the Indian National Congress, having served his first term in 1919. Since 1925, as direct successor to the great C. R. Das, he has been the most powerful figure in the Swaraj party.

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Nehru is, besides, the chief representative of the Congress Party in the Indian Legislative Assembly. He is in active charge of the struggle against the Simon Commission and has produced effects which transcend the simple strategies of boycotting. The Nehru Report, which bears his name, is the fruit of his inspiration. This project for an Indian constitution, which appeared while the Simon Commission was in the country, could justifiably claim at the time that it expressed the minimum demands of all India. In this respect the report still has full validity and no Indian will be content with less than the Nehru Report demands from England. Since the report was published, however, noticeable opposition to Motilal's work has arisen. This opposition springs from two sources. In the first place, the number and activity of those who will not be satisfied with anything less than complete independence is increasing. In addition, the Mohammedans have begun to entertain misgivings concerning the pronounced unitarian character of the proposed constitution and are demanding an assurance of minority rights. Even though this criticism exists, it is to Motilal's credit that he made articulate the political will of India precisely at the time when such expression was needed. It is probable that the forthcoming report of the Simon Commission will not devote a single syllable to discussion of the Nehru Report, even though the two are closely interdependent.

MOTILAL NEHRU does not belong to the company of 'career politicians.' Before the War he was one of the most renowned lawyers in India. Like every educated Hindu, he had belonged to the National Congress from its inception but had not distinguished himself in any special way in its activities. The blood bath of Amritsar and the non-coöperation movement instituted by Gandhi as a result of the massacre drew him into the stream of politics along with many others. From then on he came rapidly to public attention, for the Nationalist movement valued his brilliant spirit at its true worth. In 1919 he was elected president of the National Congress and at the same time he observed the letter of his creed of non-coöperation by giving up his lucrative legal practice. During the next year he dedicated himself to political martyrdom by serving a six months' sentence in prison. Soon afterward the Nationalists came to favor a suggestion, which Gandhi opposed, that they should participate with the British 'in their so-called Parliament.' A faction of the Nationalist Party then thought it expedient to modify the rule of non-coöperation in this direction and Nehru was sent to the Indian Legislative Assembly as one of the first delegates from the Congress Party. After the death of C. R. Das, Nehru became leader of the whole party and was again sent to the Assembly. His first election as president of the National Congress may have been a gesture of respect without much political significance, — for even Annie

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Besant has been president once, — but the second time serious business was afoot. Last February the Congress sent England a somewhat amateurish ultimatum stating that, unless dominion status were granted India by the end of 1929, a struggle for complete independence would be instituted on January first, using the methods of non-coöperation with the British and mass disobedience in the matter of paying taxes. To carry on this struggle the best man available was needed for the position of greatest responsibility in the preliminary campaign. Motilal Nehru is that man.

HIS IMMEDIATE followers, who do not wholly represent the opinions of all his adherents, are racking their brains over the question of how he will ultimately guide the struggle. Motilal is neither a fanatic nor a person given to ecstasy. His devotion to the cause of India, the magnitude of his own personal sacrifices, the purity of his motives and of his administration are above suspicion. But since the beginning of his political career he has consistently maintained the reputation of being a moderate. People suspect that in the bottom of his heart he does not quite believe such orthodox Nationalist dogmas, as the political panacea of the domestic spinning wheel, so dear to the followers of Gandhi. Incidentally, one can scarcely imagine any greater inner or outer contrast than that between Gandhi and Motilal Nehru. Malicious critics assert that they are alike only in their extremely autocratic manner of ruling. It seems, too, that the Pandit is not entirely convinced of the possibility of winning complete independence. If one examines his constitutional project very carefully one observes that in the two highly important points of military and financial control it lags far behind the requirements of a true dominion. Evidently Motilal was of the opinion that the British would be deaf to appeals on either of these two scores and he manœuvred in a manner characteristic of the clever politician or compromiser, which ever you prefer to call it. In any case, the irreconcilables of India will keep a sharp eye upon him.

But there is another form of opposition which is directed, not so much against Motilal Nehru personally, as against the whole older generation of Indian leaders, Gandhi not excepted. This particular form of opposition is not yet very important, but it is not premature to point out that it is arising from a new political element which will possess decisive significance in the course of the next decade and which will replace to a large extent the leaders of the present generation. This element is being organized in the Youth Movement and in the industrial labor circles of the great cities, particularly in Bombay. In so far as these groups have escaped radical socialistic influence, which has up to this time made comparatively little headway, they distinguish themselves from the older generation by asking, 'For what

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purpose shall we use our freedom?' — considering this question fully as important as the usual query, 'Where will our freedom come from?' What is more, they realize that the real battle for the freedom of India will begin after some arrangement has been made with England. In this battle the domestic reactionary forces will have to be dealt with, and particularly such dreadful social evils as untouchability and child marriage, which rest on an antiquated religious basis. The inertia of the bourgeois groups and their gross lack of comprehension of changed economic relationships will also provide difficulties.

MOTILAL, who is nearly seventy years old, Gandhi, who is in his sixties, and other members of their generation envisage very little beyond the strictly political aim of liberating India from foreign domination. These men of the older generation would enjoy political and personal satisfaction in utilizing the present moment to win a great, unassailable success. It is hardly to be expected that the result will be unqualified dominion status. But, if the British do not capitulate in the face of the 1929 ultimatum, it is quite certain that the Parliament in London must bring itself to make concessions of some significance. These must be far reaching enough to justify a man of the calibre of Motilal Nehru urging the Nationalist Congress to accept them, even if they are regarded only as forerunners of later concessions. It is not possible to foresee what will happen in the event of England's offer proving absolutely unacceptable. If that happens, only one thing is certain — India will be a hell. And Pandit Motilal Nehru is the last leader of native India with whom England can reach an amicable understanding.

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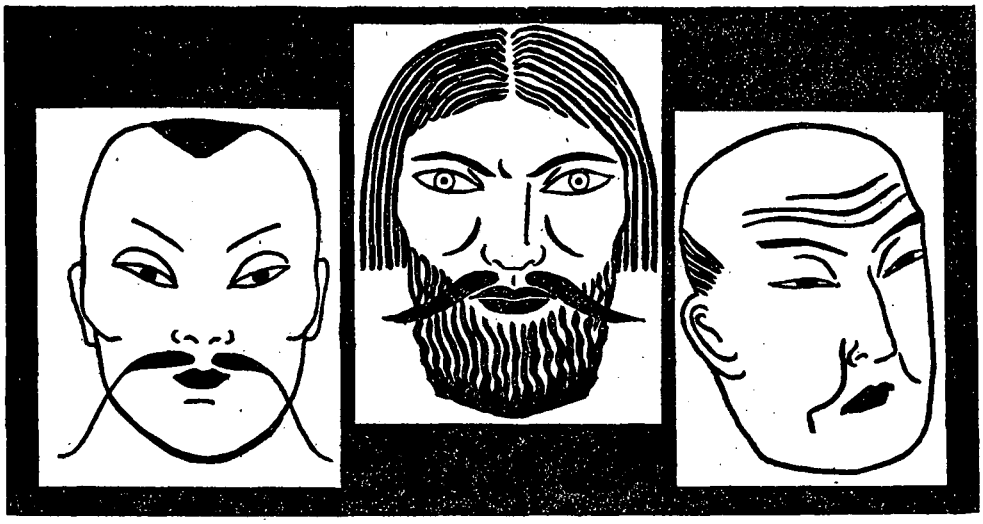

MANCHURIA TO-DAY

A Man on the Spot Discusses Asia's Eternal Triangle

By Richard Hülsenbeck

Translated from the *Weltbühne*, German Literary and Political Weekly

EVERYONE KNOWS that three peoples, the Chinese, the Russians, and the Japanese, are fighting for control of Manchuria, but it is difficult for Europeans to understand how they are fighting or what their motives are. Lately, however, the growth of Chinese Nationalism has brought about a change. Last year that old bandit, Chang Tso-lin, was assassinated by the Japanese because he would not provide sufficient guarantees. His victory over Wu Pei-fu and the entrance of his troops into Peking turned his head. Chang Tso-lin left behind him a son, Marshal Chang Hsueh-liang, an opium and cocaine addict and a gambler, who was supported by two clever old generals and ex-bandits. Bitter rivalry soon broke out between these generals and Chang Hsueh-liang, and the youthful ruler bethought himself of the methods his bandit father used to employ. He therefore invited his two white-haired counselors to come to Mukden for a conference, but no sooner did they open their mouths than he himself shot them both down in cold blood. Every child in Mukden knows this to be true, and nobody finds anything extraordinary about it, for they all believe that might makes right. If Chang Hsueh-liang had not shot down the generals, they would, of course, have put him out of the way.

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But the Marshal is a clever man. When his victims had fallen, he at once began threatening to administer the most frightful punishment to their slayer and appointed a pompous commission to investigate this act of high treason, though of course nothing has been heard from this commission from the day that it was formed until the present time. And, as a further precaution, the young Marshal, as he is always called, had the two generals buried at public expense and gave their widows a pension.

Chang Hsueh-liang now rules alone in Mukden and he is attempting to get along better with the Japanese than his father did. I saw him at the celebration of the Mikado's birthday in the Japanese consulate. Slender and of medium size, he is not a bad-looking fellow and has an intelligent, rather malicious face.

NOBODY KNOWS exactly why Chang Hsueh-liang decided to declare himself a supporter of Sun Yat-sen, but, anyway, flags of the Kuomintang and the red Republican flags are displayed everywhere. Relations between Nanking and Mukden are naturally arranged behind the scenes, for, like everything else here in China, the whole agreement rests on purely mercenary grounds. Chang Hsueh-liang presumably feared that he would lose the support of American capital if he did not make an agreement with Nanking at the right moment. But, except for a few officials, generals, and students, nobody knows who Sun Yat-sen was or what he stood for. The great mass of people in Manchuria cannot read or write, they live in desperate poverty, and are happy as long as marauding soldiers are not robbing them of their few possessions.

Now and again the young Marshal receives an American journalist and gives him a pathetic interview that makes the rounds of all the native and foreign papers. 'I am laboring to keep peace. Only in peace can the undeveloped wealth of our country be exploited.' This young man lacks the activity of his bandit father. He seems to realize that he can go in for more gambling, opium smoking, and general debauchery if he holds himself as aloof as possible from practical affairs. But, for that very reason, he is no friend of peace. Such feudal rulers as he have no interest in whether the people they govern are at peace or at war, but on festive occasions they always have phrases on tap that have been imported to their country from America by graduate students.

I said that Chinese Nationalism has undergone a change. What has happened to China itself is hard to say. The ideas of Sun Yat-sen and the victory they have won are the outer symbol of an inner psychological condition that no one can describe accurately. The break-up of Europe after the World War and the theory of self-determination that was set down in the Versailles Treaty have profoundly affected

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China. The actual power of China is scarcely greater to-day than it was twenty years ago, but the Chinese have discovered a new source of moral strength. America, more than any other nation, has attacked the old methods of treating China like a colony, and at the last Washington Conference China was granted certain rights that she is not yet equipped to enjoy. Space prevents my sketching out the lines of development that a united and modern Chinese nation might follow, and, as for Chang Hsueh-liang, he has no understanding whatever of such matters. What Chang Hsueh-liang thinks about Sun Yat-sen is of no importance, — apparently he does not think about him at all, — but he would be only too glad to participate in any advantages that the new tariff autonomy may give his country. This Marshal, this owner of extensive estates and valuable mines, this gambler, opium smoker, and debauchee, is a patriot only in so far as patriotism serves his own ends.

SINCE the Japanese are the most powerful people in the country, he has to deal cautiously with them. He forbids any anti-Japanese demonstrations, although they are hard to suppress, since the people of Manchuria feel that Japan is their natural enemy. Chang Hsueh-liang has a method of his own of warring against Japan. He champions the immigration of some million Chinese a year from the bandit-ridden province of Shantung and from the famished province of Kansu. These poverty-stricken immigrants come to Manchuria with their wives and children and Chang Hsueh-liang hopes that so many of them will finally settle in the country that they will be able to overwhelm the Japanese. The same thing has happened often before in Chinese history, only it happened more slowly.

But Chang Hsueh-liang will not live to see his policies succeed. Peasants are entering Manchuria because it is peaceful and secure and the only bandits are in the vicinity of Harbin. The rest of Manchuria is quiet, but it is the quiet induced by the deadly forces of reaction. Everything in Manchuria is done without reference to the people, whose existence plays no part in the calculations of the ruling feudal lords. Reforms that would benefit the people, such as schools, are only on paper. The Marshal and his little clique exercise a dictatorship. Their opponents are sentenced to death or beaten up brutally. The Chinese Press is strictly censored and labor has no rights whatever. No unions are permitted. The capitalist exploiters hold all the cards.

The new force of Nationalism which is seeking a release for its energies and some support for its theories directs itself always against the weakest opponent. The more cautious the Nationalists are in their treatment of Japan, the more brutal they are against the Russians. The White Russians in particular, who fled from the Revolution and many of whom now live in the cities of Manchuria, have been sub-

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jected to the hatred of the Chinese because they have no protection at all. I have often seen them arrested and beaten, for the Chinese are utterly cold-blooded in such matters and the only methods they know are brutal ones. The most oppressed people in China are the defenseless Russians who have lost their own nationality and have not become Chinese. On them, most of the Chinese spleen against all foreigners is vented.

THE Chinese hatred of Soviet Russia is hardly less than the Chinese hatred of the anti-Soviet Russians living in China. There is a profound historic reason for this. China's swing away from Bolshevism and Chiang Kai-shek's sudden turn against Russia are due to American money bags. I cannot help believing that the voluntary surrender of extraterritoriality and the equal recognition that Soviet Russia granted China brought with it no advantages whatever. In fact, it involved the opposite. Far be it from me to advocate extraterritoriality, for I believe that the Chinese ought to control their own country and make its laws. I only mean that the feudal greed of the present rulers, and especially the greed of the ruler of Manchuria, has been turned against the Russians because they gave up their extraterritoriality privileges. The Chinese, in good old Asiatic style, have profited by the decent treatment Russia accorded them. If Soviet Russia had real strength in Manchuria to-day, Chang Hsueh-liang, on whom all moral arguments are lost, would protect Russian interests, but, as things are turning out, the Russians are bound to lose the Chinese Eastern Railway and get no money, since the Chinese have none to give. Furthermore, I am afraid that in the light of this experience the Americans and British will not gave up their extraterritoriality for another half century, during which time the situation in the Orient will become more complicated and dangerous.

This, however, must be said for the Chinese, that they have long been oppressed and exploited by foreigners. The methods that the feudal lords of China are now using against foreigners are scarcely less brutal than the methods that foreigners used to employ. If the Chinese succeed in expelling the Russians, they will then be up against Japan, and the Japanese will fight for their rights whatever happens. The future is dark in Manchuria.

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LETTERS AND THE ARTS

English as She Is Broadcasted

THE BRITISH BROADCASTING Company, a Government-controlled affair that operates all the radio stations in England, has just issued a revised pamphlet of recommended pronunciations for the benefit of its announcers. The effect of these recommendations will be profound and desirable. Englishmen — like Americans, Slovaks, Greeks, and Lithuanians — are rabid radio fans, and they have only to become accustomed to their standardized announcers to acquire a mastery of their own language at once uniform and complete.

A committee including Lord Balfour, Lord Russell (the brother of Bertrand), Granville Barker, and Dr. Onions (chosen, no doubt, because he knows his name) submitted their individual views on the findings of a more humble committee whose labors covered 322 different and doubtful words. Of these words, 223 passed unchallenged by any member of the super-committee, while, of the ninety-nine challenged words, only thirteen received a majority of adverse votes, and there was no word which all members of the higher committee opposed. Dr. Robert Bridges, who was on both committees, submitted a private list of six words which he believes should be pronounced differently from the way the two committees recommended. 'Docile,' he says, should be '*dossil*,' 'wont' should be '*wunt*,' 'eyrie' should be '*airy*,' 'doctrinal' should be accented on the first syllable, 'intestinal' on the second, and 'furore' should not be pronounced at all. He suggests either 'furor' or some such synonym as 'rage,' 'craze,' or 'frenzy.'

The London *Spectator*, commenting on the recommendations, refers to some of them as 'brave.' 'Shofer' is allowed for 'chauffeur'; 'Celtic' and 'cinema' are both to be pronounced as if they began with an 's.' One curious innovation occurs. The word, 'immanent,' is to be pronounced '*immaynent*' to avoid confusion with 'imminent.' What with American announcers persistently referring to '*aviation*,' it looks as if the British were holding their lead in pronouncing the King's English, and any ex-Rhodes scholar whose carefully cultivated Oxford drawl is being flattened out under the roll of the Hoover 'r' will find this guide to correct speech a friend indeed.

Pirandello Turns to Talkies

LIKE MANY OTHER eminent Europeans, Luigi Pirandello is worried by the vogue of the talking motion picture and feels that it is up to him to stop this new outburst of universal Americanization. His method, however, is not to produce a counter-attraction but to turn his energies to creating a sound film based on the culture of Europe rather than on the culture of Hollywood. Signor Pirandello has discovered, for instance, that the old-fashioned movie became even more boring than usual when the music stopped, and he gradually fought his way to the conclusion that 'the cinema is one of the arts that can best interpret music.' When, for instance, he plays a piece by Wagner or Ravel on his phonograph he finds not only that his mind concentrates upon the sound but that colors, shapes,

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visions, and heroic themes float before his inner eye. Thus he conceived a new kind of film that should interpret music — instead of having music interpret it.

One might suppose that such an artistic adventure should have a composer for its moving spirit, but, since all the song writers are busy hammering out theme songs, Pirandello has boldly set forth himself to write a film that is to be exquisitely synchronized with various pieces of music. Already *Six Characters in Search of an Author* is being produced in Berlin and the ubiquitous Mr. Otto H. Kahn is reported, by Pirandello himself, to be interested in the new project.

Hamsun at Seventy

IT IS SAFE TO SAY that no living writer has a soul that bruises more easily than Knut Hamsun's. Just as Thomas Hardy held the Press and public of Great Britain at bay before the gate of his Dorset cottage while he grew to Olympian stature by concealing himself within, so Hamsun has made himself the outstanding literary figure of Europe by running away when anyone comes to call.

The recent celebration of his seventieth birthday was characteristic. Hearing — or at any rate believing — that he would be overrun with visitors on that day, the Great Solitary hired an automobile in which he fled to a tiny seaside village, there to invite his soul with a few rubbers of bridge. And, though his friends were disappointed in not being able to congratulate their idol, his behavior clearly indicated greatness and tenderness of soul.

But, however pleased his intimates may have been, the Authors' Association of Norway was less gratified by his attitude. This distinguished body had bought for Hamsun a large silver tankard, beautifully decorated and suitably inscribed. They wrote to him, asking when they might present their offering, and received in reply this delicious piece of Old-World courtesy: 'Do something better with the tankard. Give it to someone who likes tankards. It is a pity, with the inscription, but perhaps you can find a silversmith who will scratch out my name and substitute someone else's.'

No newspaper man has ever interviewed Hamsun, but so sweet are the uses of publicity that his publishers have persuaded him to answer this list of questions: —

What is your favorite hobby? — Patience, when I have an hour off.

What is your favorite book? — I do not 'love' books. But I admire highly a true story about a flight from Siberia by Latzko.

What name do you like best? — If you mean names of people, I find Leo a fine name. Alexandra is a fine name, too.

Whom do you esteem most among historic persons? — I know so few, and among the few I know I cannot select any.

Whom do you detest most among historic persons? — I am afraid it is some politician of the Great War and of the years after the War.

What is your favorite food and drink? — I am neither a heavy eater nor a gourmet. I eat and drink what is put before me.

What quality do you esteem most highly in a man? — Perhaps fairness.

And what quality do you esteem most highly in a woman? — Fairness once more.

What is the worst you know? — To die. Never should I die if I had not to do it.

An Austrian Pepys

THERE HAS JUST APPEARED in Austria the hitherto unpublished diary of a fifteenth-century Viennese physician named Dr. Johann Tichtel, whose simple account of his everyday life gives a vivid and intimate picture of his times. Like Samuel Pepys, Tichtel did not intend to have his observations published, but the editor of a new historical series known as *Fontes Rerum Austricarum* recognized that the diary contained so much interesting first-hand material that it ought to be put before the general public.

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Although Tichtel was a doctor by profession he seems to have been a business man of some perspicacity, who had to content himself with payment in kind, since money was very scarce. 'Praise to Almighty God and to Saint Leopold,' one entry reads. 'The Abbot of Vilosterneuberg gave me four florins, corn, cheese, ten loaves of bread, a partridge — this is splendid.' But his favorite medium for payment was wine, and the monasteries were particularly generous in their deliveries of this delightful commodity. So expert did he become in judging various vintages that he would often buy wine cheaply at auctions and dispose of it at a profit of more than two hundred per cent. In this way he amassed a considerable fortune and acquired houses, estates, and vineyards. He spent every summer in Baden, a favorite resort near Vienna, and the products from his various properties, particularly from the grapevines, helped his wealth to keep on increasing.

The one adventure of Tichtel's life was the siege of Vienna by the Hungarians in 1477. He complained of having to pay twenty pfennigs apiece for eggs and of having to subsist on horse flesh. But, for the most part, the even tenor of his ways was rarely disturbed. He held a professorship and often ministered to the leading families in Vienna. The one complaint he had to make of his aristocratic patients was that they usually preferred to recompense him with honors rather than with money or goods.

The Language of Diplomacy

SO LONG AS THERE ARE Philip Snowdens in the world who call French treasury experts 'grotesque and ridiculous' and then have to explain and apologize the next day, English is not likely to make much progress as the international language of the future. Such, at least, is the opinion of *Comœdia*, a Paris daily devoted to political and artistic chitchat, which attacks the 'Yorkshire Marius' for speaking as rudely as he did to 'good M. Chéron's and then goes on to comment bitterly on his apology: 'The moment that words in the English language begin to have such particular meanings that "ridiculous" means "spiritual" and "grotesque" means "delicious," one may well reply, "Gentlemen, then let us return to French as the language of diplomacy." For in French the meaning of words is definitely fixed and everybody knows them.'

But 'everybody' includes quite a number of people, and the facts indicate that French is fighting a losing battle for world supremacy. The *Neue Zürcher Zeitung*, a German-language paper of liberal propensities published in Switzerland, has been compiling statistics to show just how widespread the various European languages really are. English enjoys a commanding lead over all the field and its growth confirms the judgment that Señor Domínguez expresses elsewhere in this issue to the effect that English is likely to become the world language of the future. One hundred years ago, English was the native tongue of scarcely 30,000,000 people. To-day it is the native tongue of 160,000,000 and is understood by 60,000,000 more. German stands second, its users having increased in the past hundred years from 32,000,000 to 90,000,000, with 20,000,000 foreigners able to understand it. French and Italian are each the native speech of 45,000,000 people at the present time, while a hundred years ago Italian was the native speech of less than half that number, and French of 32,400,000. French, however, is second only to English as an adopted language, though German is understood by a larger total number of people. Turkish and Danish are the two weakest sisters, speakers of Turkish having dropped from 30,000,000 to 24,000,000 in the past hundred years, and Danish being understood by only 5,000,000 people at the present time.

The World's Greatest Book Catalogue

MR. R. FARQUHARSON SMITH, Keeper of the Printed Books at the British Museum, has announced that a

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new edition of the Museum's General Catalogue of Printed Books is about to be prepared. For the next ten or twelve years eight experts will be constantly at work compiling 160,000 columns of entries with twenty entries to each column, these entries to consist of all books ever published in all languages except the Oriental. The present catalogue, published between 1890 and 1900, has become so out of date that there are sometimes as many as two pages of additional material to each original column. As a result, the new catalogue will run to 165 volumes of 500 pages each.

This vast enterprise is not to be financed by the Government. Instead, the Museum is attempting to interest 400 subscribers who will give $225 a year for eleven years, a total of nearly $2,500 apiece. These subscribers will thus obtain all the 165 volumes for about $15 apiece. Mr. Sharp announces that he is already counting on 200 American subscribers and hopes to be able to get as many more in the rest of the world.

To certain stanch Britishers who feel, that the expense of this undertaking should be born by the State, Sir Frederic Kenyon, Director of the Museum, replies that Americans will be glad to supply most of the money since they are going to get most of the books. Furthermore, he points out that the Vatican Library and the Bibliothèque Nationale in France have both been successful in touching Yankee pocketbooks for assistance in pursuing similar enterprises. The following description by Sir Frederic of the work that will go into these books ought to stimulate the flow of American gold: —

> The catalogue under consideration will be based on the existing one, but with a few alterations. For example, the archaic practice of cataloguing I and J as one letter, and U and V likewise, will be abandoned. In effect, the work will consist in taking one of the existing copies, pasted up to date, and finally revising it for the press. Some five or six men will be engaged on it constantly for ten years. A day's work would comprise reading down a page or so and having most of the books mentioned brought up for verification.

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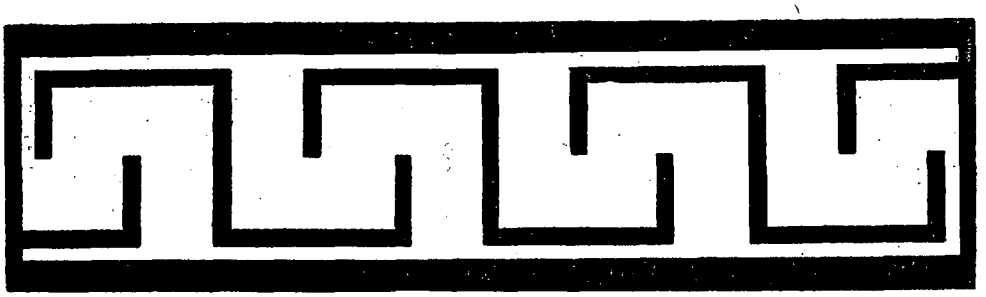

THEOPHRASTUS TO SHAW

An Ancient Advocate of Modern Fallacies

By Desmond MacCarthy

From the *Sunday Times*, London Weekly Newspaper

THE Loeb Classical Library has now reached the two hundred and thirtieth volume. The aim of its founder, Mr. James Loeb, is to bring the whole of Greek and Latin literature within reach of English readers; not only those masterpieces which have been read and admired in all ages, but those books of which the matter alone is important, and even those works which have accidentally survived and are only interesting to various kinds of specialists. Of course the sales of most of these volumes cannot meet the cost of their production. When Mr. Loeb was given a doctor's degree in this country, a leading newspaper compared his place as a patron in the history of classical culture to that of Cosimo or Lorenzo de'Medici — no empty compliment. Among the six latest volumes is *The Characters* of Theophrastus, edited by Mr. J. M. Edmonds, which comprise twenty-nine character studies of different types of men: the Garrulous Man, the Backbiter, the Buffoon, the Flatterer, the Grumbler, etc. They have begotten down the ages a numerous progeny of witty and delightful books.

The form which Theophrastus originated was particularly favored in the seventeenth century; among the chief writers who have taken him as a model are Hall, Earle, Overbury, 'Hudibras' Butler, and La Bruyère, who prefaced his own *Caractères* by a translation of Theophrastus. In the eighteenth century, too, he found imitators: many of Johnson's papers in the *Rambler* derive ultimately from Theophrastus, and, though strictly didactic, so do Law's admirable character sketches

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in his *Serious Call*. Theophrastus's method is to consider every human being as a type, and then to enumerate briefly the actions most characteristic of that type. It is a literary form which has found most favor at periods when social life has been centralized and people have spent much time on discussing each other; and, in addition, when they have been inclined to believe that what Ben Jonson called the 'humors' were the master keys which unlocked the complexities of character.

Success in this form requires in the writer quick and wide observation. The essence of the method is that everything observed is instantly pigeonholed under one head, and what cannot be so dealt with is omitted. But, when human nature has been still more closely observed, it becomes clear that the individuality of a man is not shown only in traits common to a class; and it is probably the novelist, by presenting or suggesting to us a vaguer, yet more comprehensive unity of character, who has destroyed much of our interest in this amusing form.

NOT THAT the novelist ignores this method; he cannot afford to do so. Many characters in fiction and drama remain types, or, as the modern critical jargon calls it, 'two-dimensional characters.'

This is especially true of the stage. All the characters, to take a contemporary example, in Mr. Shaw's plays are drawn according to the Theophrastian method. We know exactly how they would behave in connections which exhibit their classifiable characteristics, but apart from contacts which bring these characteristics out they disappear from view as human beings. They are as much embodiments of 'humors' as Ben Jonson's characters; though they tend to represent points of view more prominently than different kinds of temperamental bias. The novels of Dickens, of course, abound in types, though they are found side by side with characters which possess that unity which is less definable but more comprehensive. To some extent the development of the novel has consisted hitherto in a movement away from the type in the direction of the complex individual. Fielding dealt entirely with types; though the same cannot be said of either Defoe or Richardson. Sir Charles Grandison became a 'type' only after he was created — like Don Quixote, like Hamlet, who, by the bye, was founded on a type, the Melancholy Man, but has superseded entirely the generalized model out of which he sprang.

It is worth noting that we are returning to an *a priori* semi-scientific classification of character, which is the exact opposite of the method of creative observation. The physicians of the Renaissance explained that temperament depended on the predominance of one of four moistures — phlegm, blood, choler, and melancholy. 'It became fashionable to dignify any mental characteristic or even pose with the name of "humor," and to deem the most miserable affectations worthy of

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literary comment.' This reminds us of our faith in the four ductless glands; and when we talk of 'complexes' attributing behavior in one case to an 'Œdipus complex,' and in another to an 'inferiority complex,' what, after all, are we doing but reverting to Ben Jonson's 'humors?' In *Every Man in his Humour* he defines them thus: —

> As when some one peculiar quality
> Doth so possesse a man, that it doth draw
> All his affects, his spirits, and his powers,
> In their confluctions, all to runne one way
> This may truly said to be a Humour.

Indeed, could there be a better description of what we call a 'complex?' There is a warning for us here. His conception of character was soon found far too rigid and pedantic for the purposes of creation or exploration; it had to be broken up. Nothing is more likely to stultify the creations of the imagination than any preconceived and supposedly authoritative explanation of the differences between human beings.

BUT to return to Theophrastus. Our principal authority is Diogenes Laërtius's *Lives of Eminent Philosophers*, an amusing book, written for a lady, perhaps Julia, the Empress of Severus. Theophrastus was born, like Sappho, at Eresus in Lesbos, about 370 B.C. He was an active democrat in his youth, and it was perhaps partly for political reasons that he migrated to Athens. There he sat at the feet of Plato, whom he deserted for Aristotle. After Aristotle retired to Chalcis, Theophrastus succeeded him as head of the Peripatetic School. He must have been a popular lecturer if it is true that he had two thousand pupils, though, perhaps, this figure represents consecutive attendance. He lived to be eighty-five. His will is a fascinating document. From it we get some idea of the garden in which he taught and which was the forerunner of the modern college; for he leaves directions about the statues which are to be put up (Aristotle's, of course), about 'the tablets on which the maps of the earth are drawn in the lower colonnade,' and so forth. He was a voluminous author. Among other subjects, he wrote treatises on Logic, Minerals, Hearing, Kingly Power, Phantoms, the Differences of the Voices of Similar Animals, Animals Which Bite and Sting, Giddiness, Perspiration, Melancholy, Dimness of Sight, the History of Plants, Education, and the Ridiculous. This list comprises about a thirtieth of the subjects he treated. His books on Botany are extant, and show, Mr. Edmunds says, that he was a great classifier. His 'Characters' prove him also to be a first-rate peeper and botanizer in the tangled garden of human nature.

There is some doubt as to the place occupied by this book in his whole work. Some scholars have surmised that they are the funny

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bits cut out of his lectures on Ethics, which were preserved because they were popular; for, apparently, Theophrastus was a lively lecturer. 'At a regular hour,' Hermippus wrote, about fifty years after Theophrastus's death, 'he used to appear in the garden, spruce and gay, and, taking his seat, proceed to his discourse, indulging as he went along in every pose and gesture imaginable; he once mimicked an epicure by putting out his tongue and licking his lips.' But Jebb points out in his edition of 1870 that the difficulty of accepting this hypothesis is not that the descriptions are amusing, but that they are written as if their principal aim was to amuse: 'No one would object to philosophical truths receiving humorous illustration. But when a delineation of character has been so worked up that every sentence is a point or a witticism, its fitness to illustrate general truths is spoiled by the interest of its details.'

Petersen contends that passages similar in style are to be found in Aristotle's Ethics, but Jebb shows that Aristotle's description of, say, the Magnanimous Man can only be made to resemble a portrait by Theophrastus by picking out scattered sentences, as Petersen did, and stringing them together into a sequent series of picturesque instances, which robs the comparison of all significance. Jebb's theory is (and Mr. Edmonds seems more or less to follow him) that *The Characters* were playful pieces handed about among the philosopher's friends, as Donne's *Juvenilia* were at Elizabethan ordinaries, or 'those portraits' which La Rochefoucauld's circle were so fond of writing and reading to each other. Theophrastus possibly thought them unworthy to be included among his works on Philosophy, Perspiration, or Politics — not dignified enough for a successor of Aristotle.

WHAT strikes one first about them is how little mental and moral peculiarities have changed. Theophrastus has two studies of bores, which are rather subtly differentiated. The first kind

> will sit down close beside somebody he does not know and begin talk with a eulogy of his own wife, and then relate a dream he has had the night before, and after that tell dish by dish what he had for supper. Then, warming to the work, he will remark that the men of to-day are inferior to the ancients; and how cheap wheat has become in the market; and what a number of foreigners there are in town, and that, if Zeus would send rain, the crops would be better.

The second is the pragmatic bore; he is more argumentative, interruptive, and powerful; 'aye, and when he has prostrated a few lonely stragglers, he is apt to march next upon large, compact bodies, and to rout them in the midst of their occupations.' But the most surprisingly up-to-date type is the sketch which is entitled 'Late-Learning.' It describes those 'whose activities are too great for their years'; it is a sketch of a man who is determined to keep young and fit, and insists on being a sort of enthusiastic boy scout when he is over sixty.

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THE LANGUAGE OF THE FUTURE

Will the Talking Movie Help to Sweep English to Preëminence As a World Language at the Expense of all Competitors?

By C. Villalobos Dominguez

Translated from *Nosotros*, Buenos Aires Literary Monthly

IT WOULD BE FOOLISH to suppose that the babel of languages which now stands in the way of easy intercommunication between the peoples of this tiny world will continue for very many years. More than three thousand languages, used by small or large groups of people, still exist. They serve as a means of communication within various groups — local, regional, or national — but at the same time they offer a serious obstacle to communication between members of different groups.

The complicated systems of intercommunication which are the inevitable result of technical improvements are bringing men all over the world closer together both materially and spiritually. The difference in modes of living and thinking between the inhabitants of different countries is inevitably, though gradually, diminishing. For example, the European traveler who went to Japan fifty years ago was certain to find

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buildings, costumes, and particularly customs which were very different from those existing in Europe. To-day, however, he finds thousands of men and women dressed in conventional European fashion, skyscrapers exactly like those of the other great cities of the world, and automobiles such as he would see in the streets of any other land. And, even in regard to language, it is difficult to find a young person, boy or girl, who does not understand at least a little English, in view of the fact that in the larger cities to-day there are more copies of newspapers printed in English than in the language of the country.

In lands farther removed from so-called Occidental culture, which is really world culture, this change is proceeding with equal speed. The islands of Oceania, which only yesterday were inhabited by natives whose culture had stayed at the same low level for centuries, are to-day covered with cities crisscrossed by trolley tracks and dotted with motion-picture houses filled with Occidentalized audiences. There is no use giving further examples, for the reader himself can easily supply them.

THIS rapid interpenetration of cultures, or rather this process of penetration by a culture which until only a little more than a century ago was exclusively European, is making a larger and larger proportion of the human race feel the necessity and the desire for a common language. There was never a time in which foreign languages were studied to such an extent and the cultured classes everywhere can ordinarily handle one language besides their own, while the intellectuals particularly the scientists, can ordinarily use four or five. But the dissipation of energy and the waste of time involved in learning them is evident, to say nothing of the impossibility of learning all the languages that might be required.

It is useless to argue that translations can overcome such a lack. Quite apart from the inherent limitations of translation, the number of books which can actually be translated is relatively small, for there are insuperable financial obstacles to be overcome. It is true, of course, that the classics have been translated into the language of every civilized people. But with only relatively few exceptions, living, modern works find their audience only among those who can read the language in which they are written. It is therefore a long while before the most significant writings, those which have a really important effect upon human knowledge, are translated or even presented, in more or less garbled form, as summaries. Matters could not be otherwise, but, the situation during the Middle Ages and the Renaissance was better; for then Latin served as a sort of international 'Volapük,' at least for the small number of learned men. But to-day the whole population is learning to read, travel is steadily increasing, and naturally everyone

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is beginning to feel the necessity of learning about those things in foreign lands and among foreign people which may contribute to their comfort and to their enjoyment of life.

ANYONE who has given serious study to the problem has felt the need of a change, either through the creation of an artificial international language, or through the universalization of the use of one of the existing languages. To put either of these steps into effect, an international accord has been envisaged.

From some points of view these two solutions are equally logical, but in no case does the procedure suggested strike me as sound. The natural inertia which prevents collective organizations (and the state is one of them) from deliberately adopting innovations is in this particular case especially pronounced. For the voluntary adoption by all nations of one of the existing languages clashes directly with nationalistic desires and suspicions. It may, therefore, be assumed that it is practically impossible that official delegates of all or most of the nations will agree to raise the language of one country to a position of preëminence over the languages of the others; and as for the adoption by treaty of an artificial language, this would be rendered difficult by the widespread, congenital inability of officials to take the initiative in making use of any new invention. It is a well known fact that the only true innovators are not groups, but individuals.

These obstacles alone would be enough, but there are others — imponderable obstacles — which work against the adoption of an artificial language. The principal imponderable is that absurd sensation felt by anyone who finds himself speaking a 'manufactured' language. This fact alone is sufficient to make me believe that, although there will no doubt be a world language sooner or later, it will be one of the languages now existing — in spite of the fact that all of them lack the simplicity and logic which an artificial language would possess. A natural language such as those spoken all over the world to-day is a living thing, valuable in spite of its complexities and illogicalities. An artificial language, on the other hand, is a sort of inert mechanism which makes no appeal to our feelings, just as a humpback is a man, while a manikin, though he may be perfectly symmetrical and ideally proportioned, will always be nothing more than a puppet devoid of personality.

FOR THIS REASON, I believe that a world language will be adopted, not by treaty or agreement, but as a result of natural forces. Some languages are steadily losing ground, stagnating or even disappearing entirely; others are growing and expanding with varying speeds. Sooner or later one of these latter will gain such an advantage over the others that it will monopolize the field.

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Already the potentialities of the various languages are clear enough to enable us to name those which are likely to be contenders in the coming struggle. For one thing, all languages foreign to Occidental culture are automatically excluded. Indeed, it can be safely predicted that the world of the future will not be speaking any of the Asiatic languages, no matter how many people may be speaking them to-day; for a civilization of Occidental origin cannot hope to find its expression in Chinese or in Bengali, especially when the civilizations of China and India themselves are dying as those countries become Occidentalized. This is true also of the aboriginal languages of Africa and Oceania and the American continents, and the same arguments throw out of the running such European languages as Turkish, Russian, Hungarian, and the others on the frontiers of the East.

Turning to those languages which are truly Occidental and which are spoken by highly cultured peoples, I see no reason to expect any expansion of German, French, Italian, Danish, and the other languages which are spoken by relatively few people living in relatively small areas. I therefore arrive at the conclusion (as others have before me) that only English and Spanish have any likelihood of overcoming the others in the struggle. The reason is that both English and Spanish are in the direct line of descent from the traditions of Greco-Latin culture (a requirement which alone would be enough to exclude German), and for the present, at least, they have the advantage over all others in that they are spoken over very large and scattered territories which not only are well populated to-day but give every evidence of a rapid growth in populations of unmixed race. And, most important of all, both are spoken on the American continents.

ONLY a blind man could fail to see the great progress that the English language and English culture have made in the Americas. The area of productive land in South and in North America is about equal, but there can be no possible doubt as to the relative importance of the peoples of the two continents from the point of view of numbers and of economic, scientific, industrial, and educational strength. The English race has not only grown strong roots in North and South America, but, as is well known, it has spread over the world into more places than any other and has even rooted itself in places like Australia. And, unlike the abortive shoot which the French language sent out in Canada, English is continuing to spread.

I do not believe it possible that, in the long run, Spanish can successfully compete against English. If during the period of colonial expansion the Spanish people had kept up with the other cultured peoples of Europe in scientific activity, the Spanish language would to-day be in a far stronger position. But a language of mysticism, war,

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and imaginative literature cannot properly fulfill the needs of the present day, and there is no time for it to catch up lost distance. When a country does not export the products of scientific, technical, and political research, it cannot export the words with which these things are expressed. A Spanish-speaking person who wishes to investigate any field of knowledge carefully must necessarily turn to a foreign language. This is not true of the Frenchman, the Englishman, the German, the Yankee, or the Australian. Danish, Swedish, Italian, or Dutch are all more useful than Spanish to anyone who wishes to inform himself at first hand of the progress of scholarship. Rarely do Spanish terms appear in scientific or technical works. A glance at any of the compilations which cover original scientific research over any period during the last three centuries will immediately indicate the path which industrial, political, and social progress is taking. The conclusion is disastrous for Spain and, in consequence, for the Spanish language.

EVERYTHING points to the ultimate predominance of English. The motion picture, for instance, was invented in France; but, because the United States was better equipped to exploit it, the Americans have assumed a quasi monopoly of this powerful means for diffusing ideas. The result is that the screen has already had a tremendous influence in familiarizing the whole world with the products of Yankee civilization, in so far as photography and pantomime can perform this task. And now the Americans have invented talking motion pictures, a development which is of tremendous importance, since it enormously increases the possibilities of the theatre both as a means of entertainment and as a means of spreading ideas. This new device makes it impossible to send the same films all over the world merely by translating the captions. Sound pictures which are not merely musical must be produced in a single language, and this language must be understood by anyone who wishes to enjoy the pictures. It is in the English-language countries that the best and most elaborate pictures can be made, and it is there that the biggest audiences are found. Necessarily, talking films produced in any other language will be less good. Thus an Argentine, Peruvian, French, German, or Spanish motion-picture fan who wishes to enjoy the best films must learn English.

Can a more powerful weapon for the spread of a language be imagined? Can any reasonable person see any force which can oppose it? And since, moreover, the various phases of culture are interlinked, the more people there are who know English, the more books and periodicals printed in English will be read, the more opportunity there will be for those who write in English, the more advertisements will be written in English, the more products of the English-speaking peoples will be bought, and so on.

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THE TIME seems to me to be near when the 'elimination contest' among national languages will get into full swing. This process is already virtually completed among local dialects within national boundaries. Printing and other modern means of communication have swept away local dialects. The dozens of languages which were spoken in Spain, the hundreds which were spoken over the vast area of Central and South America have been ousted or absorbed by Castilian, the Spanish of to-day. It makes no difference if small groups of people with a rudimentary culture still talk Basque, Guarani, or Catalonian, or that for several generations a few scholars have made a point of preserving these languages, as well as Spanish, for familiar and affectionate converse; for every natural process of extinction includes a period of death agony.

It is already apparent that forced development of local dialects is reactionary, dangerous, and vain, and the time will soon come when it will be equally dangerous for the general good to attempt to maintain national languages by artificial means. In some respects, there are already obvious evidences of an attempt toward internationalization, such as the steady substitution of Roman characters for Gothic characters and Japanese ideograms, and the adoption of so-called Arabic numerals in Turkey. These changes are largely the result of the development of the typewriter.

I am not trying to make predictions, but merely attempting to analyze a problem which exists and to draw the logical conclusions from this analysis. Possibly new or unforeseen forces will providentially arise; but it is wise not to put too much faith in a miraculous Providence when one is attempting to study the march of events.

One thing is certain: the smaller languages and dialects will die off more and more quickly. The time has passed when a ridge of mountains, a river, or a valley can separate two towns and permit their inhabitants to speak different dialects. It was in that way that provincial Latin degenerated into the various Romance languages. To-day, however, steam navigation, printing, railroads, postal and telegraphic service are enough to accentuate or maintain uniformity of language within each nation and within its colonies or within the colonies which it once held. This process by which many local dialects fuse into a single language which for one reason or another reaches a position of preëminence and becomes the national language will tend to repeat itself in the broader field of world languages. For the means of communication mentioned above are now augmented by aviation, motion pictures, and the wireless telephone, and not only do rivers and valleys offer no obstacles to communication, but even the highest mountain ranges and the broadest oceans have been overcome.

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A NEW WORK BY JAMES JOYCE

The Author of 'Ulysses' Turns to Punning

By a *Spectator* Reviewer

From the *Spectator,* London Conservative Literary and Political Weekly

MR. JAMES JOYCE'S new book, reviewed below, is entitled *Tales Told of Shem and Sham: Three Fragments from 'Work in Progress.'* It is published by the Black Sun Press and sells for three guineas.

IT WILL never do to leave Mr. James Joyce without a review. He is one of the great revolutionary artists who are always unappreciated in their own times. When they are dead it turns out that we were all wrong about them; and posterity has the laugh on us for being so stupid. It is already well known that this is going to happen with Mr. James Joyce. Thousands of people have told us how sorry we shall be that we misjudged him; and his manuscripts, we believe, command unheard-of prices. In these circumstances it would be ungracious to be silent. Posterity should not be deprived of its laughter merely because we happen to have been forewarned.

The reason we fail to appreciate Mr. Joyce's work is that he is doing something new with language. The resources of the English tongue have long been exhausted. Any sensitive man is sick of the way in which the same old words keep turning up; and, often enough, we can understand them straight away, without looking them up in the dictionary. This obviously needs seeing to. As Mr. C. K. Ogden so elegantly says in his preface: 'Mr. Joyce appears as a promised liquidator where the machinery of literature has been clogged by the ministrations and minutiæ of an ossified propaedeutic.' Those of us who are stiff in mind, pedantic, irresponsive to change and dunder-headed, who, in short, are 'ossified' ourselves, can 'hardly expect to understand the genius of Mr. Joyce.' We feel uneasy before those qualities of his style which Mr. Ogden so neatly distinguishes — 'the intensive, compressive, reverberative infixation; the sly, meaty, oneiric logorrhœa, polymathic, polyperverse; the clangorous calembour, irresponsible and irrepressible.' As Mr. Ogden so pathetically admits: 'Mr. Joyce must be content to suffer with Blake, Cézanne, and Picasso, with Walt Whitman, and even with Hieronymus Bosch.'

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ALTHOUGH we fail to recognize the value of Mr. Joyce's innovations, nothing need prevent us from observing what these innovations are. Possibly we have met the humorist in the boarding house or public bar who treads on our toes and remarks, with a glorious originality of speech, 'Please don't agololize!' When he meets a friend who is engaged to be married, 'How's your fiasco?' he asks, with ready wit. This manner of speech has a certain tradition in literature. There is Dogberry, for example, and Mrs. Malaprop. Children often coin similar expressions, either by accident or in order to have a private sort of language to themselves. They enter into thieves' slang. Puns and spoonerisms are figures of the same order. Before Mr. Joyce, however, no writer observed what an improvement they were on common speech. No writer took them seriously as his own medium. No writer applied himself, with solemn and heroic industry, to elaborate them, multiply them, counterpoint them, and do nothing else the whole day long.

The last story of Mr. Joyce's new volume is called 'The Ondt and the Gracehoper.' The deciphering of the title does not call for great ingenuity. We remember that Mr. Joyce is Irish and exclaim: 'I see, I see! "The Ant and the Grasshopper." How amusing!' The first story is called 'The Mookse and the Gripes.' This is more difficult, but soon we shall realize, guided by our previous discovery, that Mr. Joyce is improving on the too banal phrase, 'The Fox and the Grapes.' The middle story is a regular world-beater. It is called 'The Muddest Thick I Ever Heard Dump.' This stumps us: 'The Maddest Trick I Ever Heard Done,' perhaps. The phrase occurs in the body of the story, and the context may help a more agile-minded reader. The hero is concocting an aquilittoral dryangle on a given strayed line.

> 'My faceage kink and kurkle trying to make keek peep. Are you right there, Michael, are you right? Ay, I'm right here, Nickel, and I'll write. But it's the muddest thick that was ever heard dump. Now join alfa pea and pull loose by dotties and, to be more sparematically logoical, eelpie and paleale by trunkles.'

In any case, you see the method? 'Weight a momentum,' the hero adjures himself. 'I'm glad you dimentioned it.' The dryangle he concocts 'will be a lozenge to me all my lipe.' These are very simple examples; Mr. Joyce can keep the manner up for a whole page, echoing the same words, elaborating the same pun. We might have suspected, from this one story only, that he was making an academic study of mental aberration; but the aberration is shared by Gripes and Gracehoper, Ondt and Mookse, and the narrator himself. We must believe, therefore, that Mr. Ogden is correct. Mr. Joyce is engaged on a serious, portentously serious, deplorably serious attempt to find new possibilities in the English language.

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ALL THIS is not to deny the talents which Mr. Joyce possesses. He has already shown, in *The Portrait of the Artist*, and especially in *Ulysses*, a peculiar and personal realism, a mimicry, we might call it, of certain styles of life and styles of thought that have not been previously observed in such concreteness. In his play, *Exiles*, his most individual piece of work, he achieved a kind of thin-blooded, intellectual, and despairing tension which remains in the memory. His chief gift, however, has been for the reproduction of cadence, rhythm, and turns of phrase; an extraordinary virtuosity in parodying the literary tricks of our older writers. This faculty of his was certainly amazing; it was also deceptive. It seemed, at times, as if he were writing genial and high-spirited nonsense; and it was only gradually, as more and more came flowing on, steadily and monotonously, that we realized that this was no comedy, but tragedy, rather. It began to occur to us that Mr. Joyce's head was dizzy with echoes. Apart from the circumstances he was describing, there was nothing new in his manner of writing; it was a mere plodding rearrangement of ancient counters.

We have little complaint against Mr. Joyce himself. Obviously he is exploiting a territory which he feels to be interesting. He is a hard and conscientious worker. In spite of discouragement and in spite of irrelevant praise, he goes on perpetrating his laborious joke. It would be well to insist, however, that he is not inventing a new form of expression; especially in his later manner he is pursuing an old and limited form with monomaniac intensity. It is particularly untrue to say, as so many of his admirers say, that he is extending the boundaries of speech.

New possibilities of speech can never be arrived at by running an artifice to death. They spring freshly from a new common experience. They are intimately connected, always, with social adventure. It is unfortunate that so many people fail to distinguish the intellectual interest in words, the *amusement* of words, from the creation of new speech. Mr. Joyce is not unlike those Latinists who, in the decadence of the Empire, turned to acrostics and centos. Weary of the old tradition, they could never free themselves from it; they meddled with it, analyzed it, dispersed it, rearranged it. They strove for originality of style and for uniqueness; but nothing spoke through them. There was no *élan* to make them speak; their words, in consequence, were more dead than the tradition which they were attempting to escape. In all these efforts there was something dispirited; and lack of spirit never in this world created a new mode. It is not without significance that on this occasion Mr. Joyce's introducer should write in the rôle of a grammarian.

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MYSELF

A Spanish Novelist Turns His Hand to Aphorisms

By Pío Baroja

Translated from the *Grande Revue*, Paris Monthly

Sensibility

IN MY BOOKS, as in almost all modern books, one observes a note of rancor against life and society. Rancor against life is more ancient than rancor against society. The former has long been a commonplace among philosophers. Life is absurd, life is difficult to direct, life is like a disease — so say most philosophers. But, when human bitterness turns itself against society, it is attempting to exalt life, to say that life is good, that man is naturally magnanimous, and that only society makes man evil.

I am convinced that life is neither good nor bad. It is like nature — necessary. Nor is society either good or bad. A man who is too sensitive to the time in which he is living finds society bad, but a man in harmony with his surroundings finds it good.

A negro can walk naked in a jungle where every drop of water is filled with millions of deadly germs, where there are insects whose sting produces an abscess, where the temperature is over a hundred in the shade.

A European accustomed to the sheltered life of cities and unprotected from the assaults of nature will die in the tropics. A man should possess as much sensibility as he needs to cope with his epoch and his

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surroundings. If he has too little sensibility, he will lead the life of a moron; if he has the necessary amount of sensibility, he will lead the life of an adult; and if he has too much, he will go mad.

The God-Eaters

It is related that the philosopher, Averroes, cried out, 'What a sect these Christians are, who eat their god.' It seems that this divine nourishment was supposed to make men gods themselves, but such is not the case. God-eaters are human, all too human, as Nietzsche would say.

There is no doubt that the southern European races are the most vivacious, the most energetic, and the toughest people in the world. They have bred all the great conquerors. When Christianity dominated them, it inoculated them with its Semitic virus, but, instead of making them weak, this virus made them stronger than ever. They assimilated what they wanted of the mentality of Asia and made their religion a fighting arm. Thanks to the German invasions, the cruel Levantines had become more gentle by the time the Slavic predominance appeared on the horizon. And, in our own times and in our own countries, these same people still remain in command.

'They are inoffensive,' some say.

'Nonsense,' others reply. 'They would burn Giordano Bruno again if they had the chance.'

There is still plenty of fire in the hearts of the god-eaters.

Anarchy

In an article published in *Hermes*, a review edited in Bilbao, Salaverria raises the theory that, although I am cured of my anarchy, I retain my anarchistic, negative attitude in order to hold my literary clientele. This is not so. In the first place, I have hardly any clientele at all and, in the second place, a small conservative clientele is much more productive than a big anarchistic clientele. It is true that I have given up the cult of Dionysus, but I have not replaced it with the cult of Jehovah or Moloch. I have no enthusiasm at all for Jewish traditions. I feel none of Salaverria's admiration for rich people merely because they are rich or because they occupy exalted positions.

Salaverria imagines that I cherish a secret love for high society, for generals, magistrates, Indians, and Argentines, but actually I feel for such people the same tenderness that I feel for the cows that walk down the road in front of my house. For, even in matters worthy of admiration, I prefer what is small: I prefer the Boboli gardens to the gardens of Versailles; I prefer the history of Venice or Florence to the history of India. Great states, great captains, great kings, and great gods leave me cold. They are made for people who inhabit wide plains on the banks of

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vast rivers — for Egyptians, Chinese, Indians, Germans, and Frenchmen. We Europeans who live in the Alps or the Pyrenees like little countries, little rivers, little gods whom we can call by their first names.

New Roads

Some months ago in an ancient bookstore on the old Calle del Olivo, three friends met — a writer, a printer, and myself.

'All three of us were anarchists fifteen years ago,' said the printer.

'What are we to-day?' I asked.

'We are conservatives,' replied the writer. 'How about you?'

'I believe that I have the same ideas I had then.'

'That means you have not changed,' replied the writer with a certain air of nonchalance.

I should like to evolve, but how shall I do it and in what direction? As long as one sits by the hearth toasting one's feet by the fire and looking at the flames, one readily imagines that there are fresh paths to be followed in the surrounding country, but when one looks at the map one soon sees that there is nothing new.

It is said that ambition makes people evolve but it did not have that effect on me. E. Ortega Gasset has said of me that I am fundamentally insubordinate. I would not go so far as that but I will say that I do not feel capable of submitting myself to exterior things. If Mephistopheles were to buy my soul, he could not buy it with a decoration or a title, but only if he promised me effusive sympathy and something sentimental; then I believe he could buy it very easily.

Aspirations of Change

Just as politicians aspire to appear consistent and important, we writers and artists aspire to change. If only our aspirations could be as easily realized as the aspirations of the statesmen. To change! To evolve! To have a second personality distinct from one's former personality. Only geniuses and saints can do such things. Cæsar, Luther, St. Ignatius Loyola led two distinct lives, or rather one life with a top and a bottom.

Sometimes one sees the same thing happening to artists. The pictorial evolution of El Greco made the complete cycle of all artistic conceptions, but there is no other example of such a transformation in ancient or modern art. People say Goethe underwent this process, but, as I see him, he had a brief period of sentimental exaltation followed by a long life dominated by intelligence and study.

Other authors do not show even the semblance of change. Shakespeare is the same in all his works and the same thing is as true of Calderon and Cervantes as it is of any modern writer. The first page of Dickens, Tolstoi, or Zola could be dropped in among their last pages

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and no one would be the wiser. Furthermore, such rhetorical poets as Victor Hugo and Gautier never go beyond their rhetoric.

'Baroja, you will never amount to anything.'

'Baroja amounts to nothing and I presume he never will amount to anything,' said E. Ortega Gasset in the first number of the *Espectador*. I too believe that I shall never amount to anything and everyone who has known me thinks the same. Ever since I first went to school in San Sebastian at the age of four, our teacher, who used to enforce the strong discipline of our ancestors, would look at me and say, 'That child will be as wild as his brother; he will never amount to anything.'

I studied at Pampelune under Gregorio Pano, who taught us mathematics. He was an old man with a frozen face and a white beard, and he used to say to me in a sepulchral voice, 'You will never be an engineer like your father. You will not amount to anything.'

When I was studying medicine under Don Benito Hernando at San Carlos he used to stand in front of me and say, 'That little smile is impertinent. I do not like those satiric smiles. You will be nothing but a cipher.'

I shrugged my shoulders.

Women whom I have known have often assured me that I would amount to nothing, and a friend who was leaving for the New World said, 'When I return in twenty or thirty years, I shall find every one I know in a different station. This one will be rich, that one will be ruined. This man will have become a minister, that one there will have vanished into the obscurity of some village. You alone will remain as you are now. You will go on living in the same way and you will only have two pesetas in your pocket. You will not go far.'

The idea that I will never amount to anything is firmly anchored in my breast. It is certain that I shall never be a deputy, a member of the Academy, a chevalier of the Order of Isabel the Catholic, a captain of industry, or a municipal counselor, and I shall never wear a lovely frock coat. Nevertheless, when a man has passed forty and when his chest begins to swell with the fatty tissues of ambition, he wants to be something, to have a title, to wear a decoration, to dress in a top hat and wear a white waistcoat. Such ambitions, however, are forbidden me. My teachers of childhood and youth arise before my eyes like Banquo's ghost and say to me, 'Baroja, you will never amount to anything.'

When I go to the seaside, the waves breaking at my feet say to me, 'Baroja, you will never amount to anything.' The wise old screech owl who roosts on my roof at night says to me, 'Baroja, you will never amount to anything,' and the crows in the sky cry the same refrain and I am convinced that I shall never amount to anything.

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The Sovereign People

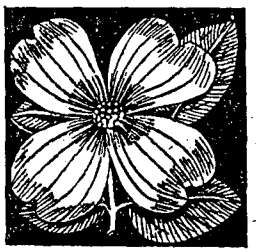
The strong man who contemplates the sovereign people can follow one of only two courses: he can dominate the mass and subject it with his hands, as if it were a wild beast; or he can inspire it with his ideas and thoughts and in that way win another form of domination.

I, who am not strong enough to take either course, avoid the sovereign people so as not to feel its collective brutality and its evil character at close range.

The Remedy

Like everyone else who has a sneaking faith in doctors' remedies, I, too, have a remedy, a remedy for the disease of living. It is action. This remedy is as old as the world and is at the same time as useful as any other and as useless as all the others — which is to say that it is not a remedy.

Our only source of action is in ourselves, in the vitality that we have inherited from our parents. He who has it employs it whenever he wishes to, he who has it not will search for it in vain.



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POLISH INTERLUDE, II

Impressions of a Member of an Official British Commission

By J. B. Priestley

From the *Saturday Review*, London Weekly

MOST FOREIGN PLACES do not live up to their position on the map. Look them up in an atlas, where perhaps they are washed by strange seas or surrounded by some mysterious plain or in the shadow of mountains as romantic as moons, and their remoteness gives you a thrill. But when you get there, you might be somewhere just beyond Ilford or between Paris and Rouen. Cracow is one of the exceptions. It looks well on the map — in that far corner, just under the Carpathians — and no matter how long you have brooded over that map, you are not disenchanted when you arrive there. Of all the Polish towns I saw, Cracow was easily my favorite. I could have spent months there. It is, of course, the ancient capital, and was a tremendous place in the Middle Ages, so that it is filled with old buildings, which are all dominated by the Royal Castle and the Cathedral, both of them on a hill above the river. The Castle is being restored now, for the Austrians, who used it as a barracks, knocked it about a good deal. The succession of rooms through which I was led did not interest me very much, I must confess, but every glimpse I had of the great court, with its arches, arcades, and galleries, in a style neither Western nor Eastern but somewhere deliciously between the two, made me happy. Walking along those galleries, and looking out from the deep shade upon the sunlit arches opposite, I even forgot how thirsty I was. (And sight-seeing in Poland is terribly thirsty work.) I enjoyed too the descent into the crypt of the Cathedral, where the kings of Poland lie entombed in massive marble. Hoffmann and 'Monk' Lewis were foolish to overlook that crypt, which is just the setting for a scene in the best horrific Gothick style, with marble coffin lids being raised at midnight and hermits creeping from deep shadows to offer beautiful maidens the elixir of life.

I think I ought to add that I should have enjoyed that crypt still more if Financial Paper had not dropped one of his friendly remarks in my ear. I liked Financial Paper, a thoroughly decent chap, but he had a trick of creeping up to me whenever I was lost in some pleasant reverie and making some friendly and very gentlemanly observation in

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his almost episcopalian manner. 'Very cool down heah, don't you think, Priestlay?' he said, and promptly shattered the mood. He was always doing that at great moments. I ran across him in one of the most mysterious galleries of the colossal salt mine at Wieliczka, where he said: 'I was just thinking, Priestlay, they reahlly must get an extraordinary amount of salt out of this mine.' But I must admit that he did not spoil things as thoroughly as Trade Papers, who, bless his heart, never meant to, but did it simply by always looking the same wherever we were. His face never changed. Throughout the trip he wore exactly the same expression that he had brought on to the boat with him. He gave the Kiel Canal, the Danzig streets, the Polish plain, and everything else, the same look. You caught sight of him down a salt mine or on a mountain, in a palace or a cabaret, and he looked just the same, with the result that he took all reality away from these scenes and irritated you. The only time I saw him look different was when we went to Mr. Bernard Shaw's new play in Warsaw. He was in the next box, and, fascinated, I had to glance at him. He was fast asleep.

THREE OF US spent one afternoon wandering about the Ghetto in Cracow. The Jews there are the real thing. The men wear side curls and beards, and the old men look very picturesque, but the young ones, with their pale unhealthy faces, their sprouting whiskers, their long black coats, look like squelchy creatures out of a nightmare. The married women still shave their heads and wear wigs. Everybody is incredibly dirty and intends to remain so. They creep in and out of smelly hovels, like black beetles. We saw a little open market, where all these Hebrews were busy selling one another what appeared to be the contents of the town dust cart. We visited the old synagogue, a lovely ancient building with a kind of cage in the middle, made of exquisite wrought ironwork, for the cantors. We also visited an old and now disused Jewish cemetery, a decaying tangle of weeds and stones, and there we found the grave of the miracle-working Rabbi. Every crevice in his tombstone is filled with bits of paper, for people write out their wishes on these bits of paper, in the belief that the Rabbi will attend to them. They also pray there. A middle-aged woman was wailing at the tomb when we arrived. She had, it appeared, a sick husband, and so wailed regularly at the tomb. If I had been the Rabbi, I should have attended to her at once, for never in my life have I heard such a desolating sound as that woman made, as she swayed there, wringing her hands. Yet, when we crept round the corner, she suddenly stopped, looked at us with a cheerful interest and curiosity, with no signs of disturbance and grief in her face. The next moment she had turned away again, however, and was wailing as if the waters of Babylon glittered disconsolately before her eyes.

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WE spent one day, a day of rain and mist, visiting the little resort of Zakopane up in the mountains. We went by car and saw little or nothing on the way because the cars were covered, there was rain on the windows, and the drivers were men who believed in going at a good round pace. There appeared to be some excellent wild stuff about, however, with the usual complement of peaks, blasted firs, chalets, and waterfalls. I used to have a passion for mountain scenery, but I believe now I am beginning to be bored by it. I have a sneaking sympathy with that man in the D. H. Lawrence story who cried to the German girl: 'I hate their snow and their affectations. Their loftiness and their uplift. I hate their uplift.' I know what that man meant. There is something a trifle donnish about mountain scenery. It is beginning to have a double-first and prize-essay look about it. But there were some astonishing people among these mountains. The men all wore flattish black hats with long feathers in them, white capes, and white trousers, all richly embroidered with crimson and blue, and various picturesque garments underneath; and I envied them a little; though I thought they wore these marvelous clothes rather self-consciously, and looked as if they did nothing else for a living but put them on and stand about in them, as if they were peacocks. All the way back to Cracow, Sunday Paper told me a long story about some scoop he had once made that involved Mr. Winston Churchill, so that by the time we arrived at the hotel, tired and dazed, it all seemed mixed up, like a dream, and I should not have been very surprised to meet Mr. Churchill on a mountain wearing white embroidered trousers. It was that kind of day.

I hope to return to Cracow some time, just to hang about in it, strolling round the old market place, where the peasant women with their shawls look as brilliant as humming birds, or taking another peep at Copernicus, who stands brooding in stone in the lovely old courtyard of the Jagiellonska Library. For about the equivalent of a shilling you can go anywhere you like in Cracow in queer little horse carriages, which make the pleasantest *clipperty-clop clipperty-clop* on the cobbled streets. It is dusty in summer (and I should go in summer), but you can always stop for iced beer round the nearest corner. There is a possibility too that I may be able to come to terms with the iced crab soup once we know one another better. Here are streets in which there is a perpetual pageant: religious men in brown robes and sandals, students straight out of comic opera, Jews from the Old Testament and Jews from the dust bin, mountaineers in white trousers, shawls as bright as any that Joseph Hergesheimer saw in Cuba, and the little carriages going *clipperty-clop*. The hours are sounded by a trumpeter from a tower. That is Cracow.

Because Warsaw is the capital, we had to spend more time there than in any other city, but it seemed to me by far the least interesting

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of the towns we visited. It looks like one of the poorer and dustier quarters of Paris. The people are bright enough, but there is still something forlorn, melancholy, about the place itself. It has not yet forgotten the long Russian occupation, and the streets look as if they still expected another Cossack charge or two. There are three palaces in or near Warsaw, and the Poles, who live, it must be remembered, in a country that has been ravaged time after time, are very proud of these palaces. The best of them, to my mind, is the toy palace of Lazienki, an eighteenth-century affair that would make an ideal setting for one of our clever Strachey-ish historical novels. The other two seemed to me rather dull, but it is possible that I am being unfair. I saw them under unusual conditions. The little man was with us.

This little man — he really was quite tiny, with a piercing voice — was our guide at Warsaw, and I have never known anybody so relentless. It was his business to show us those three palaces, not merely the buildings themselves but everything inside them, and he meant to do it properly or perish. The hotter the afternoon, the more he harried us. He was like a small but ruthless dog with a herd of uncommonly large sheep. Through room after room he hurried us, sometimes running round in circles and barking. Hulking Anglo-Saxons, mopping their faces, would sneak away and sit down, but in a minute or two he would find them out and compel them, by sheer will power, to examine the hat of King John Sobieski or one of the innumerable bad portraits of King Stanislaus Augustus. I know now what it is to be really dominated. When his back was turned and I could merely hear his voice going on and on — 'Thees ees the librairy of the Keenk' — I thought how easy it would be to end this tyranny once and for all by one good stroke; but the moment I met his searching gaze, I hurried forward, foot-sore and exhausted as I was, and looked with feigned admiration at yet another hat or portrait. If Poland ever feels that it is time the League of Nations really attended to her, she has only to send that little man to Geneva and the trick is done. He said he would call upon me when next in London, and I lie awake at night shuddering at the thought of what will happen when he does. There is so much to see in London, and he will want to see it all.

AS EVERYBODY knows, Bernard Shaw's new play was first produced in the very fine Polish Theatre in Warsaw, and we were given the privilege of seeing it when we were there. As a matter of fact, we only saw two acts, having missed the first, and I am sorry to say that some of our party, as I remarked before, quietly went to sleep in their boxes. (I attribute this to the fact that, for once, the little man was not with us.) The theatre itself is very comfortable, very handsome, and contrives to look more intelligent than any theatre in London. I

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sat next to the very able director one night at dinner, and we talked to one another, in bad French, about *Journey's End*, which he hopes very soon to produce. It will be very intelligently produced, you may depend upon that. Even I, who do not know any Polish except the words for 'please,' 'thank you,' 'beer,' and 'tea' (and I heard three of them in the play), could see that *The Apple Cart* was being very well done. Unfortunately, of all the plays that were ever written, this is the worst to see in a foreign theatre, because it has no action at all except a little skirmish between the king and his lady friend at the end of the second act. Nevertheless, I feel I know all about that play (after all, I have seen and read Bernard Shaw before), and when it comes to London I shall go and look very knowing about it. The Polish audience was very attentive and applauded each curtain, but it only laughed four times through the two acts. Evidently the Continent thinks Shaw no laughing matter.

The best thing in Warsaw is the Market Place in the old town. Three of us wandered into it, and could hardly believe our eyes. It is surrounded by tall, curly old buildings, and they are all colored, pink, pale blue, green, and so forth. You feel as if you had strolled into a Russian ballet 'set,' and at any moment, it seems, gay troupes will come bounding out of the dark doorways. After we had wondered and admired for a few minutes, the Polish journalist who made one of the three declared that one of the ancient wine shops in this market place could sell us some old mead, so B. B. C. and myself, feeling like Hengest and Horsa, told him to lead the way, for we were the men for old mead. We walked across the antique cobbled square, dived into a very dark little doorway, passed under an ancient model of a ship, and found ourselves at last in a paneled back room that made us feel at home at once, for it was the twin of many a bar that Fleet Street knows. There we ordered and drank a bottle of mead some five and seventy years old, as strong as a Viking. It was the experience I enjoyed, not the drink, which had far too much of the bee about it. We had hardly settled down, however, before all the others drifted in, and with them the little guide, whose flashing eyes we could not meet — for had we not just dodged the Cathedral? I am glad we just stumbled upon this enchanting market place, and were not guided to it. When in Warsaw, go straight to the old market place.

A NEW acquaintance suggested that four of us might like to visit a very quaint old town on the Vistula, about a hundred miles away, and put a fast car and a demon chauffeur at our disposal. This was one of the best days I spent in Poland. We traveled through about two hundred and fifty miles of the countryside. And the countryside begins as soon as the town ends; there is no suburban shading-off from one to the

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other. Ten miles outside Warsaw, you might be anywhere. The roads in Poland are straight but very dusty and bumpy. There is hardly any motor traffic on them at all; sometimes we went forty or fifty miles without passing another car. I shall probably annoy my Polish friends (who are all terrifically industrial and up to date, and would fill their country with traction engines and lorries if they could) if I add that all this remoteness is part of the charm of the place. You do not pass cars but you do pass innumerable peasant carts, curiously long affairs, on which whole big families, brown-faced, bare-footed, and as brightly colored as a pantomime-chorus, will be riding. We stopped at one tiny town where an open market was being held. The shawls were as gay and picturesque as ever, but what marked this place was its passion for blue caps. All the men there wore these blue caps, and I noticed piles of them on the stalls. A crowd collected round the car when we stopped, and it remained there, curious but polite and grave, as long as we did. In complete silence, these people watched us put on our heavy coats again and settle in our seats. But then, the moment we moved off, they all burst into a roar of laughter; and for all I know these mysterious blue-capped ones may be laughing yet at the idiotic thought of us.

At our destination, the little old town on the Vistula, we sat on a small balcony, tried to enjoy sour milk with potatoes, and listened to a small but excellent band that was passionately eager to play anything we wanted. We returned, a hooting cloud of dust, through a twilight plain that seemed to go on forever. And I assure my Polish friends that no day I spent in their fascinating country did more to give me an affectionate concern for the people and the place. The portraits of King Stanislaus Augustus can rot for all I care; but the happiness of those brown-faced people in the long carts, those people with the blue caps and the bright shawls, is another and graver matter, and I shall always wish them well.

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AS OTHERS SEE US

America, the Modern Rome

NORMAN ANGELL'S study of Europe and America that we reprinted from the London *Spectator* in our last issue brought in this letter to the editor of that journal: —

Sir, —

Mr. Norman Angell's admirable article in your issue of July 6th suggests a line of thought which may prove an interesting topic for discussion in the *Spectator*. I mean the parallel that exists between the present relations of Europe to America and those of Greece to Rome in the second century B.C. On the one hand, a congeries of tiny states, depositories of all the humanities and cultures of their day, but heavily burdened with the baneful inheritance of traditional rivalries and hatreds; on the other hand, a single mighty organism, still relatively uncultured and crude, ever growing in power and riches, absorbing and assimilating all to itself. If the Greek states could have united against this common rival the course of history might have been quite different. But Greece could never unite; she carried the seeds of dissension in her bones from centuries back. She started not one but two leagues of nations, the Achæan and the Ætolian, but they quarreled between themselves, thus complicating matters still further. She was a thorn in the flesh to the Roman world, just as the Balkan States are a thorn in the flesh to us, and as we shall very soon be a thorn in the flesh to America. At length Rome's patience was at an end. There was only one way of solving the problem — she made a Roman province of the lot.

The world has changed since the days of the Greeks. There is now no outer barbarism to overthrow our civilization. Destruction, if it comes, must come from within. We know every inch of our planet even to its poles, and are possessed of means of communication which beggar all the dreams of society. Civilization is fast becoming standardized. We are all interested in the same things, play the same games, wear the same clothes, dance the same dances to the same tunes, and even listen to the same concerts and the same lectures at the same moment of time. These are circumstances unprecedented in the whole history of mankind. Surely mankind will react to them in some unprecedented way. This is what Mr. Norman Angell thinks and hopes. And we heartily share that hope.

I am, Sir, etc.

E. C. Oppenheim

Martigny, Switzerland.

'Let France Save Europe from America'

WITH THESE MODEST WORDS, M. Louis Marin, staunch Nationalist deputy and former leader of the Bloc National, concluded a lively interview. The subject of this conversation was America and his views on that subject were emphatic. 'The United States has an absolutely mercantile conception of morality and equity,' asserts this high-minded politician, whose thoughts are entirely wrapped up in the lofty problem of how much of her war debts France will have to pay. 'If civilization is to progress, it can only progress along European lines — not along American lines. Let Ameri-

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cans beware of believing that they are playing a great rôle in the history of humanity. They are not.'

> No one in Europe — not even the humblest of us — fails to recognize that the Government of the United States has outlawed itself from international morality and that European politicians who have failed to defend the interests of their own countries, and who, in so doing, have deserted the very cause of justice, have rendered the worst possible service to the future coöperation between nations and even to the United States.

Thank God for Hoover

J. L. GARVIN, writing, as he so often does in the *Observer*, of Anglo-American friendship, asserts that he would not be surprised if Hoover turned out to be 'the greatest president and statesman that America has produced since Lincoln.' When negotiations for naval disarmament were still in an early stage, Mr. Garvin felt so full of hope that he wound up his rejoicings with this eloquent passage: —

> Mr. Ramsay MacDonald will go to Washington early in October with enough proofs of good will in his hands to ensure a happy meeting with the President and a tremendous welcome from the American people. When we published, nearly two months ago, the first forecast of this event, we did not mislead our readers. We do not mislead them now. Blue-water schools and hot-water schools are still a stubborn minority on both sides. Powerful as he is in office and character, the President has his own difficulties. But the right-minded nine-tenths of America are for Hoover's leading the world's deliverance from the primal barbarism of murderous superstition. In the same cause nine-tenths of the British people are for MacDonald — Labor Premier though he be — representing a Minority Government in some other respects, but not in this. When we remember the nightmares of irritation and suspicion that followed the miserable breakdown of the Geneva Conference in 1927, we may well end here with two old words which are at least as good as any other two in the mother speech of America and Britain. Thank God.

A British Critic of Frank H. Simonds

IN ONE OF HIS recent syndicated articles, Frank H. Simonds suggested that the Labor Government in England would turn out to be the first phase in the break-up of the British Empire. The reactionary *National Review* seized upon this utterance — which, in the light of Mr. Snowden's activities, does seem a little premature — and under the heading, 'The Wish Is Father to the Thought,' subjected Mr. Simonds to this analysis: —

> American politicians and journalists are never so happy as when foretelling the doom of the British Empire — the fact that their prophecies have miscarried for nearly one hundred and fifty years in no way abates their zeal as prophets or curtails their output of predictions. The advent of the Socialist Government in Downing Street has necessarily afforded immense encouragement to those with whom the wish is father to the thought, and we find so experienced an observer as Mr. Frank H. Simonds succumbing to this congenital weakness of his compatriots in a widespread article presented to its readers under these scare headlines:
>
> **BREAK-UP OF BRITISH EMPIRE ON THE WAY, SIMONDS ARGUES, AS A RESULT OF LABOUR VICTORY**
>
> Mr. Simonds' article is illuminating from several points of view and might be usefully assimilated by those misleaders of public opinion on the London Press who make it their business to put their readers unwise on Anglo-American affairs by glossing over the real sentiments — the ingrained prejudice, the invincible jealousy, the studied dislike — with which Great Britain is regarded in the circles that

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count across the Atlantic, where our ill-wishers vastly out-number our well-wishers.

A French Laborer Judges America

THERE HAS RECENTLY been published in Paris a book entitled *Standards* by a French laborer named Dubreuil who has been working in the United States. Two qualities about America impressed him particularly — the warmheartedness of its citizens and their intense patriotism: —

> Workers have told me that the first automobile was built by Henry Ford. But this state of mind is compensated for by real and solid qualities. For instance, it is natural that when you go to work in a new place you find yourself in difficulty for a variety of reasons, but chiefly because it is hard to run a machine with which you are unfamiliar. In our country we often show an irritating tendency to turn this difficulty into a source of ridicule and mockery, but such sentiments are unknown in America, where the introduction of new machinery is a daily affair. Without even making you wait, they show you the easiest way to handle any machine that may be new to you.

'The Man Who Knew Coolidge' in German

SINCLAIR LEWIS enjoys a great vogue in Germany that is all the more widespread because he is so frequently confused and merged with the equally popular Upton Sinclair. Nearly everything both men have written has been translated and Mr. Lewis's next to last book, *The Man Who Knew Coolidge*, is receiving a warm acclaim under the title, *Der Mann der den Präsidenten Kannte*. Here is what the *Tagebuch*, a liberal weekly, has to say about its hero: —

> This brave burgher is no bigger a man than a petty thief, though he is much more dangerous, and we see reflected in his very inconsequence a superb picture of the boundless lack of personality which is the essential element in the career of any successful politician in the Land of Liberty. It is delightful to watch this ambitious little white-collar hero of a man run the gamut of deceit and vulgarity, because Sinclair Lewis understands his character and has hearkened to his speech.

Frenchmen and Americans Compared

A FRENCH SCIENTIST named Dr. François Débat has just written a book containing his impressions of New York. So great was the interest it aroused that *Comœdia*, a daily paper devoted chiefly to literature and the stage, invited him to draw a comparison between Frenchmen and Americans. Here are some of his conclusions: —

> Just as the Frenchman is impatient, excitable, and susceptible, the American is calm, supple, and disciplined. He has respect for authority and the uniform. But if the Frenchman joins a group, he does it only to fight some adversary — an employer, a competitor, an enemy.

But the good doctor also comes down to earth, particularly when he turns his attention to the physical charms of American women. Indeed, one is almost led to suspect that the doctor's enthusiasm must have got the better of him: —

> Take care not to rub knees with your neighbor at the movies and not to stare too sympathetically at the lovely ladies promenading Fifth Avenue. They will simply appeal to a policeman who will hail you into court.

We have yet to hear an American scientist with foreign experience offering such useful advice to any of his fellow countrymen who may find themselves subjected to similar temptations abroad.

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DISCRETION & INDISCRETION

Perhaps nothing is so marked about England as the absence of the American vices — except, indeed, the absence of the American virtues. — *G. K. Chesterton.*

Mr. Snowden was unnecessarily insulting to our good friends and ancient Allies, not only in his language, but in his argument. When, for example, he pretended that Great Britain entered the War, not in her own interest, but in defense of others, he was using a sort of cant most offensive to those who know (as we all know who are frank with ourselves) that Great Britain entered the War for the defense of her own existence, which was threatened hardly less directly than the existence of Belgium and France. The Entente was formed by British and French statesmen, not for the security of one country, but for the safety of both, and we may add that even now we should be paying too high a price for the post-War patriotism of Mr. Snowden if we endangered the good understanding between the two nations, upon which the peace of Europe and our own destinies still depend. Our Socialists should also remember that their policy of disarmament goes ill with the indulging of ill-temper toward our neighbors, and that we should not abandon our defenses at least until we have learned to bridle our tongues. —*Morning Post, London.*

If you want simply to get 'fun,' a hard heart and a good digestion will help you more than all the cardinal virtues. — *Dean Inge.*

Mr. Ramsay MacDonald and Signor Mussolini are virtually two peas from the same pod. — *George Young, Labor Member of Parliament.*

Whenever France realizes that she is about to be obliged to relinquish some of her idle dreams and take some step which she dislikes, she always says in effect, 'Well, then I must be paid for it.' This attitude has often been quite openly avowed in the French Press. It is a characteristically French attitude, all of a piece with the attitude of the French peasant women during the War, who soon learned that they could charge a tired and thirsty British Tommy twopence for a glass of water without any danger of having their premises looted by way of protest. — *New Statesman.*

British abjectness is largely liable for the grotesque result that American financiers are actually invited to regulate the affairs of the Eastern Hemisphere, while the Washington Government formally disclaims all responsibility for their decisions and refuses to participate in any effort to give effect to them. Kotowing to Germany ended so badly that we cannot help being nervous as to the ultimate upshot of all this kotowing to Washington and New York. — *National Review.*

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Views & Reviews

A LITERARY HISTORY OF RELIGIOUS THOUGHT IN FRANCE. *By Henri Bremond. New York: the Macmillan Company. 1929.* $4.50.

WHY this book was ever translated must remain a mystery. No one could possibly give a satisfactory explanation. For the work is made up to a very large extent of quotations from various devotional writers of the seventeenth century, which must depend in large part for their effect on the untranslatable styles of the originals. To a person ignorant of French, the whole subject must possess practically no interest. And yet here is a translation of the book, and a very bad one at that. It even sinks so far as to translate '*Ce diable de Henri Quatre*,' 'This devil of a Henry IV,' thereby making a whole passage unintelligible.

The book itself is an excellent and brilliant piece of scholarship, making available for the first time a whole school of writers hitherto lost in oblivion. For the devotional writers of seventeenth-century France were not like their fellows of to-day. It is true that their works are full of piety and religion, but their aim was to make this piety and religion as attractive as possible. They were humanists, many of them learned humanists, and their conviction was that human life is pleasant and good and worth living. There was no puritanism in them; that was to develop later in France under the venomous influence of Port Royal, which did fully as much spiritual harm to the kingdom of the Bourbons as the same malady, under a different form, did to the kingdom of the Stuarts.

These religious humanists first flowered in an excellent Jesuit, Louis Richeome (1544–1625). To secular readers and to those not particularly interested in religion, the most attractive side of this kindly spiritual director is his astoundingly fresh naturalism, if one can call it by so formidable a name. He is interested in every variety of living thing, beetles, ants, hawks, lizards, any form of sentient life. And he succeeds in working descriptions of his animals into his devotional writings with astounding ingenuity. We find that he dislikes sparrows, for instance, and describes them as 'noisy, lascivious, and importunate, little life and less profit, the hieroglyphic of a babbling soul, lascivious and sinful.' But listen to him when it is an animal of which he approves: —

> You often see small lizards crawling on the borders, trees, and beds of your garden. They are guests with no malice or harmful intent, costing nothing to entertain since they board at the expense of flies and other insects, and, for rent and for the use of your garden, they furnish you with a source of pleasure in the inspection of their little bodies and the sprightliness, agility, and adroitness with which they traverse the ground or dart up the wall in a straight line. They like to look man in the face. That is why you sometimes see them pause to regard you fixedly. Such are your lizards. I do not propose here to introduce the green variety of the fields and hedges, larger and far more valiant than these dainty ladies; only I warn you, when you see one, that they are the friends of man and take delight in looking at him and in defending him against serpents.

Devout humanism, as the Abbé Bremond calls this movement, came to its height under Geneva's most famous bishop, Saint François de Sales. One sentence from the Salesian writings so admirably sums up his thought and that of his followers that it is well worth quoting: —

> I do not desire a fantastic, fussy, melancholy, peevish, and lamenting devotion, but a piety gentle, gracious, calm, peaceable, and, in a word, that genuine piety which finds favor first with God and then with men.

Following François came a multitude of lesser writers, all urging men to be godly happily and for the sake of happiness, until at last Port Royal, which set up an opposing doctrine early in the century, gained the ascendency and made religion hideous. If the attitude of, say, Yves de Paris had continued, the French Revolution would not have been so justifiable. What is to be thought, he asks, of a society which 'equips its carriages and lackeys out of the blood and the sweat of the poor?' He goes on to berate the aristocracy

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The time — October 5 and thereafter; the place, any bookseller's; the price $2.50. It's an Atlantic Novel, published by Little, Brown and Company

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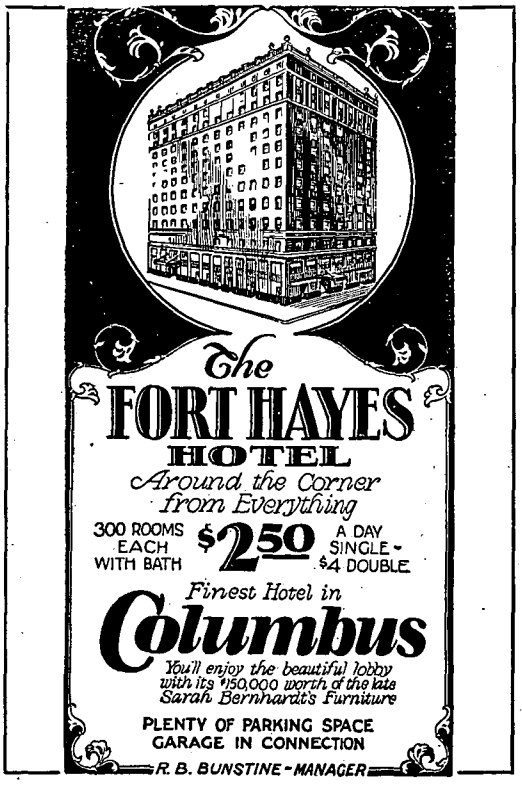

for its unchristian heartlessness and to demand justice for those on whom all riches are built, the laborers and artisans of the country. It may be a little surprising to some readers to find such things as this being said in the middle of the seventeenth century in Bourbon Paris by a fashionable preacher. There are not many men of religion to-day who would dare say as much in an aristocratic New York or Boston pulpit.

This movement had its excesses. When religion is so much humanized, so physically humanized that a devotional book can bear the title, *Seringue mystique pour les âmes constipées en devotion*, religion is dangerously near the comic. But it is a serious question whether it is not better to have even a comic than a horrible or a sentimental faith. A little more humanism in modern religion might solve a good many of the 'problems' over which worthy divines become so fruitlessly and periodically exercised in *Harper's* and the *Atlantic*.

H. L. B.

LABOR SPEAKS FOR ITSELF ON RELIGION. *By Jerome Davis. New York: the Macmillan Company. 1929.* $2.00.

In this volume Mr. Davis has collected the views on religion of labor leaders all over the world. Many prominent names appear — those of Arthur Henderson, Lenin (his article is from a speech made shortly before his death), Trotski, Lunacharski, Emile Vandervelde, and William Green. Some speak for themselves only; others act as mouthpieces of a political party or labor union. In some cases brief historical sketches of the changing relations of Labor and religion in the country concerned are given.

Mr. Davis, who is evidently distressed at the Church's (i.e., organized religion's) failure to stand squarely behind Labor in its struggle for better industrial conditions, has collected this symposium largely in the hope that sincere believers will benefit by hearing at first hand the criticisms leveled at the Church by representative labor leaders. In distinction to Mr. Davis's own somewhat indignant attitude, most of the contributors are indifferent on the subject: Labor does not think at all about the Church. With the

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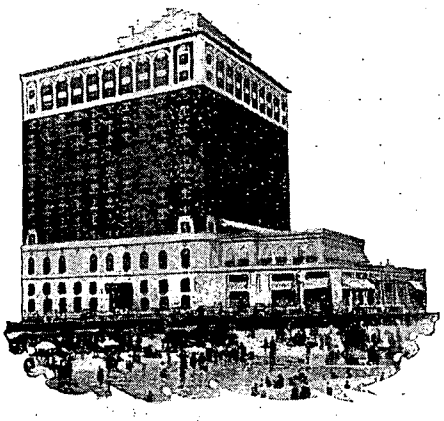
exception of the Russians included, few are antagonistic to religion, however severely they may criticize the Church. Those who feel the Church to be an active force for good are mostly residents of English-speaking countries. The book would seem to be representative of the attitude of many thousands of laboring people.

A GIRL IN SOVIET RUSSIA. *By Andrée Viollis. Translated from the French by Homer White. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell and Company. 1929.* $2.50.

In the fall of 1926 Mlle. Andrée Viollis set out on a three months' grand tour of the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics. Unhampered by officials, she talked as best she could with representative people in all parts of the country, but her ignorance of the language obviously prevented her from understanding as much as she might have of what she heard. However, she recognizes her limitations and makes no attempt to offer sweeping criticisms of the present régime. She simply describes what she saw, vividly and with enthusiasm, for she is a trained reporter. Some of the vignettes are absurdly effusive, in the French manner, but for the most part one accepts the book at face value and recognizes in it a readable and intelligent interpretation of present-day Russia.

THE INTERNATIONAL DEVELOPMENT OF CHINA. *By Sun Yat-sen. Second Edition. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1929.* $4.50.

Originally published in 1922, Sun Yat-sen's blue print for a post-revolutionary China is now republished with an introduction by the dead Chinese revolutionist's son, Sun Fo. The book, in essence, is a rough sketch of how Sun Yat-sen planned that China's economic development should take place, with the aid of foreign capital. It covers in detail the questions of railroads, harbors, communication systems, mining, fishing, manufacturing, and so on, and includes an appendix which contains, among copies of congratulatory letters from various foreign officials, a sample agreement with foreign capitalists, signed in 1913, which would make good reading for Chiang Kai-shek.



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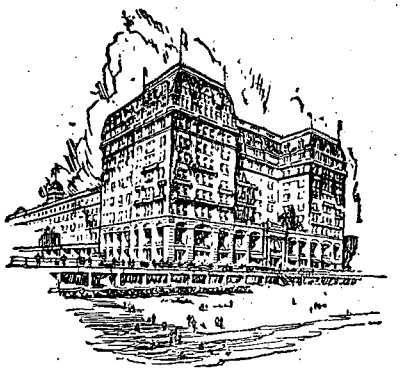

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ATELIERS. *By Jean Chauvin. Montreal and New York: Louis Carrier & Company. 1929.* $6.00.

(Robert de Roquebrune in *Revue de L'Amérique Latine*, Paris)

M. Jean Chauvin's work has many merits, not the least of which is that it includes all the painters and sculptors of Canada. These visits to ateliers are doubly instructive, for the text is illustrated by numerous reproductions of the works of art described. Here are, not critical studies, but commentaries on the artists and their work — commentaries, kindly but nowhere sugary, which show delicacy of perception and sound judgment.

There was, a few years ago, an exhibition of Canadian paintings in Paris. It did not make a great sensation. Few French-Canadians were represented. On the whole, it was rather dull. M. Cullen, who is considered a great painter on the banks of the Saint Lawrence, made but an indifferent showing on the banks of the Seine. In this exhibition at the *Jeu de Paume*, one Canadian painter — Morrice — towered above all the others. His painting is without doubt the best that Canada has produced up till now.

That Morrice should not be included in M. Jean Chauvin's collection of ateliers is not surprising, for he died several years ago and he passed a good deal of his life in Paris. But, despite this unavoidable omission, it appears, thanks to M. Chauvin's book, that the Canadian ateliers are rich in interesting work. There are few bold experiments; most of the painting is moderate and very English.

One can scarcely speak of a Canadian school of painting. There are, of course, groups, such as that of the Toronto painters, which seem to have a common aesthetic. But that usually means a predilection for certain subjects, rather than a manner of painting. In Canada, subject has much importance — subject, which, according to Remy de Gourmont, interests only children and illiterates. However that may be, M. Chauvin's work is of great value, for it constitutes an excellent survey of Canadian art, done with both taste and moderation.

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World Travel Calendar

AUSTRIA

INNSBRUCK. September–October, 7th International Sample Fair.

VIENNA. October, Autumn Art Exhibition; (Künstlerhaus) *October 1–November 15,* Exhibition of Dutch Painters; *October 5,* Golf Tournament; *6–13–20–27–November 3–17,* Performances at Spanish Riding Academy; *October 6–13–20–27,* Vienna Meetings of the German Art Association in Vienna; *12,* Flag Competition; *16–November 16,* Fall Meetings of Jockey Club; *October 19,* Golf Tournament; *25–December 15,* Fall Art Exhibition of the *Hagenbund; October 26,* Golf Tournament; (Secession) *November 1–15,* Fall Art Exhibition; *2,* Golf Tournament; (Glaspalast) *3–22,* Art Exhibition of Kunstgemeinschaft und Österreichischer Künstlerbund; *3–29,* Derby; *9–December 10,* International Danube Board; *November 10,* Horse Races; *17,* Horse Races.

ZIRLERBERG. October 6, Auto and Motorcycle Race.

BELGIUM

NATIONAL CELEBRATIONS. November 1, All Saints' Day; *2,* All Souls' Day; *11,* Armistice Day.

BRUSSELS. October 10, Horse Fair; *14,* Horse Fair.

GHENT. October 1, St. Bavon's Day.

LIÈGE. October 6, Autumn Fair opens for a month; *November 3,* St. Hubert's Day.

CANADA

KELOWNA (B.C.). September 30–October 2, Kelowna Fall Fair.

CHILE

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. November 1, All Saints' Day.

CHINA

NATIONAL CELEBRATIONS. October 10, Anniversary of the Revolution of 1912 which gave rise to the Republic; *November 12,* Birthday Anniversary of Dr. Sun Yat-sen.

CHOSEN (Korea)

SEOUL. September 12–October 31, Grand Celebration, 20th Anniversary of Japanese Administration in Chosen.

COLOMBIA

NATIONAL CELEBRATIONS. October 12, Discovery of America; *28,* Bolivar's Saints' Day; *November 11,* Independence of Cartagena.

CZECHOSLOVAKIA

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. November 8, Memorial Day.

PRAGUE. September–October, 10th Anniversary of the Czechoslovakian Republic and 1,000th-year Celebration and Exhibition in Commemoration of Wenceslaus; *October 6–13,* 1st Congress of Slavonian Philologists.

DANZIG

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. Autumn, 11th International Sample Fair.

DENMARK

COPENHAGEN. October 9, opening of National Art Exhibition; *20,* Old Folks' Day, concerts and fêtes; *November 2,* Grand Horticultural Exhibition at Forum; *14–16,* International and Inter-Scandinavian Tennis Matches.

ECUADOR

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. October 9, Commemoration of the Independence of Guayaquil; *12,* Discovery of America; *November 3,* Anniversary of the Independence of Cuenca.

ENGLAND

NATIONAL CELEBRATIONS. November 1, All Saints' Day; *2,* All Souls' Day; *5,* Guy Fawkes' Day, firework celebrations and bonfires; *11,* Armistice Day.

BROOKLANDS. October 12, 500-Mile Motor Race.

DONCASTER. October 9, Autumn Race Meeting.

HULL. October 10, Fair.

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LEICESTER. October–November, 9th Textile Machinery; Accessories, and Yarns Exhibition.

LONDON. September 14–October 12, 74th Annual Exhibition of the Royal Photographic Society; *7–11*, International Savings Congress; *9–17*, 5th International Exhibition of Inventions; *17–26*, 23rd International Automobile Exhibition; *November 9*, Lord Mayor's Show and Procession.

NEWMARKET. October 16, Cesarewitch Stakes Races; *30*, The Cambridgeshire Stakes.

PONTEFRACT. October 2, Races.

STRATFORD-ON-AVON. October 12, Mop Fair.

Esthonia

REVEL. Mid-September–October, Exhibition of Esthonian Art.

Egypt

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. October 9, Celebration in Honor of the Accession of H. M. King Fuad I.

France

NATIONAL CELEBRATIONS. November 1, All Saints' Day; *2*, All Souls' Day; *3*, opening of Hunting Season and Blessing of the Dogs; *11*, Armistice Day.

BÉZIERS. November 5–11, Chrysanthemum Exhibition.

PARAY-LE-MONIAL. October 17, Pilgrimage and Religious Ceremonies.

PARIS. Autumn, 4th International Nautical Show; *October*, International Shoe and Leather Fair; *3–13*, 23rd International Automobile Exhibition; *15–18*, 2nd International Congress of Jewelers; *22–29*, 6th International Congress on Stomatology and Exhibition; *25–26*, International Foundry Congress; *November*, Autumn Salon.

SAINTES-MARIES-DE-LA-MER. October 21, Pilgrimage and Religious Fête.

TOURS. October, French University Courses.

Georgia

TIFLIS. Autumn, Congress of Mineralogists; *October*, Georgian Venereal Conference.

Germany

BERLIN. September 9–October 3, Congress of the Union for New Education; *September 21–October 20*, World Advertising Exhibition; *October*, Great German Social-Welfare Week; *7–12*, 12th Post and Telegraph Week; 6th Railroad Scientific-Management Week; *4–5*, German Gymnastic Day; *October–March, 1930*, Lectures on the Carnegie Chair of the German Academy of Politics; *November 7–January 18*, German-Language Course at the University; *November 14*, International Automobile Show opens; *14–16*, German Society for Glass Technology.

DARMSTADT. Mid-October, Meeting of the School of Wisdom (Count Keyserling).

DRESDEN. September 20–October 10, German-Austrian Meteorologists' Congress; *5–6*, Jugendherberge Day.

ESSEN. July 25–October 15, Ruhr Gardening Exhibition and Meetings of Expert Gardeners.

FRANKFURT-AM-MAIN. September 22–October 2, 21st International Sample Fair; *26–November 6*, International Cookery and Hotel-Industries Exhibition.

GIESSEN. September 30–October 12, Foreigners' Vacation Courses at the University.

HANOVER. October 14–20, Congress for School Music.

LEIPZIG. October 1, Celebration of the 50th Anniversary of the German Supreme Court.

MUNICH. Autumn, Bulgarian Week.

NUREMBERG. November 2–10, Cultural Exhibition of the German Labor Organizations.

Greece

ATHENS. September 9–October 2, 27th Congress of the International Peace League.

Hawaii

NATIONAL CELEBRATIONS. October, start of the Barefootball Season; Hula Programmes and Feast Nights; *November 11*, Military Demonstrations, School Displays, and Floral Parade in Celebration of Armistice Day.

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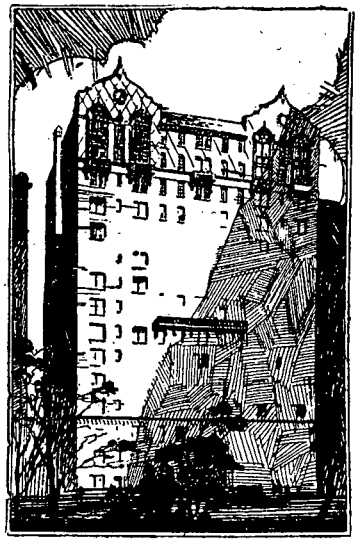

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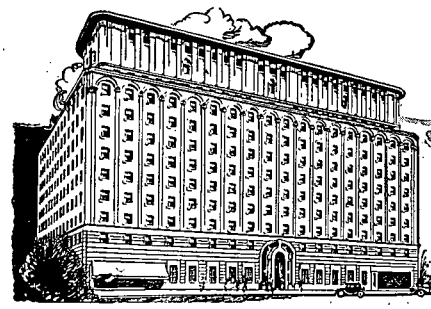

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HONOLULU. November 7–11, Hawaiian Festival of Pacific Races; *8*, Hawaiian Music and Hula Night; *9*, Parade of the Pacific Races; *15–17*, Second Annual Open Golf Tournament; *November*, *Kaaona Ka Malama* (patriotic tableau by Hawaiian Warriors' Society).

ISLAND OF MAUI. October 10–11–12, Maui Fair, Racing, Rodeo, Native Entertainments, Luau feasting and Pageantry.

HOLLAND

AMSTERDAM. October–November, Autumn Exhibition of Paintings.

HAARLEM. October 1, St. Bavon's Day.

HONDURAS

NATIONAL CELEBRATIONS. October 3, Anniversary of General Francisco Morazan; *12*, Columbus Day.

HUNGARY

NATIONAL CELEBRATIONS. October 6, Memorial Day; *November 4*, St. Emeric's Day.

BUDAPEST. October 2, International Balneologic and Hydrologic Congress for Combating Rheumatic Diseases; *November*, International Composers' Congress.

ITALY

NATIONAL CELEBRATIONS. November 1, All Saints' Day; *2*, All Souls' Day; *11*, Armistice Day.

ASSISI. October 4, Festival of St. Francis.

MILAN. October 1–31, Gallop Races at San Siro Hippodrome; *6*, Jockey Club International Prize Race; *27*, Simplon Prize International Race; *November 1–30*, Gallop Races at the San Siro Hippodrome.

ROME. November 1–30, Gallop Races at the Capannelle Hippodrome.

JAPAN

NATIONAL CELEBRATIONS. October 17, *Kanname-sai*, the Harvest Thanksgiving Festival; *November 3*, *Meiji Setsu*, in commemoration of the late Emperor Meiji; 15, *Miyamaeri*, Shrine Pilgrimage of Young Children.

KYOTO. October 22, *Jidai-Matsuri*, Historical Fête of the Heian Shrine; *28–November 9*, Third Biennial Conference of the Institute of Pacific Relations.

OMORI. October 12–13, the *Oeshiki*, at Ikegami Hommonji Temple, in commemoration of Nichiren, great Buddhist Saint of Japan.

RYOGOKU. October 1, Chrysanthemum Displays begin at Hibiya Park, Kokugi-Kwan.

TOKYO. October 29–November 7, International Engineering Congress.

UENO. October 15–November 15, *Teiten*, Art Exhibition of Modern Japanese Paintings and Sculpture, under auspices of Education Department.

LITHUANIA

KAUNAS (*KOVNO*). *Autumn*, 8th International Industrial and Agricultural Exhibition.

MEXICO

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. October 12, Discovery of America.

NORWAY

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. October 31, Thanksgiving Day.

PANAMA

NATIONAL CELEBRATIONS. October 12, Discovery of America; *November 3*, Anniversary of Separation from Colombia; *28*, Anniversary of Independence from Spain.

PARAGUAY

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. October 12, Discovery of America.

PORTUGAL

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. October 5, Anniversary of the Republic Proclamation.

RUSSIA

KIEV. October 2, Ukraine Art Exhibition.

UKRAINE. Autumn, 7th Congress of Physicists of the U.S.S.R.

SIAM

NATIONAL CELEBRATIONS. October 23, Chulalongkorn Day; end of *October*, *Tot Kathin*, the Annual Offering of Gifts, Annual Boat Races and Pilgrimage to the Capitol Phra-chedi Klang Nam on the

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Menam River to Paknam; *November 11*, Armistice Day.

BANGKOK. November 8–13, Celebration of King's Birthday.

SPAIN

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. October 24, Queen's Birthday.

BARCELONA. October 12, Fiesta de la Raza; *13–19*, 9th Congress of the International Chemistry Association; *21–25*, 6th Conference of the International Federation of Intellectual Unions.

MADRID. Autumn, International Cancer Congress; *October 7–December 14*, Spanish University Courses; *October 12*, Fiesta de la Raza.

SARAGOSSA. October 12, Fiesta de la Raza.

SWEDEN

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. November 6, Gustavus Adolphus Day.

STOCKHOLM. October 13–15, Blind People's Day, celebrated with fairs and concerts.

SWITZERLAND

BASEL. October, 2nd International Druggists' Congress.

GENEVA. October 7, 4th Meeting of the International Commission for the Standardization of Sanitary Material; *7–9*, 2nd Conference on the Health and Welfare of Merchant Seamen; *November 2–10*, International Horse-Jumping Competitions; *6–17*, International Horse Races.

LAUSANNE. September 2–October 12, University Course in Modern French.

MONTREUX. September 23–October 5, International Golf Tournaments.

NEUCHÂTEL. October 6, Vintage Fête and Pageant.

ZÜRICH. October 14, Football Match, Switzerland v. Italy.

TURKEY

NATIONAL CELEBRATIONS. October 29, Proclamation of the Republic; *November 2*, Proclamation of the National Sovereignty.

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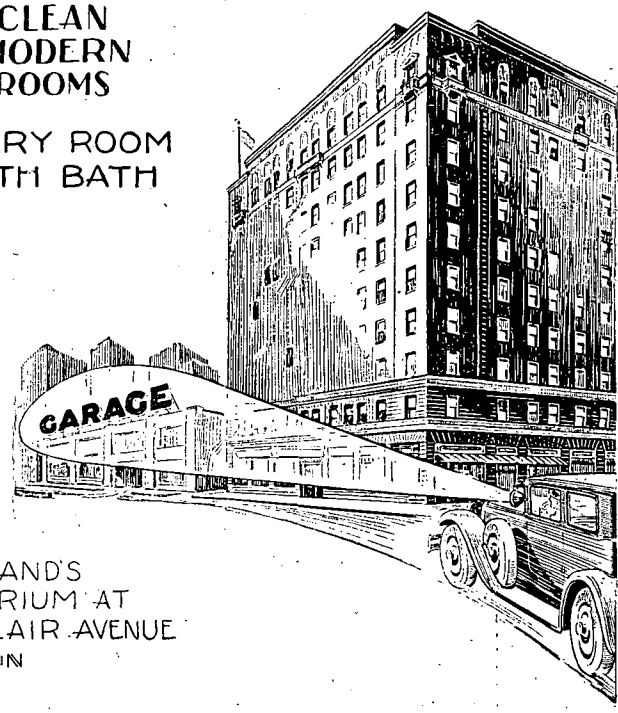

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